THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1351.

Original Poetry.

LOVE'S FISHES.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST FROM THE GERMAN OF REINICK.

BY ANNA FLEMING.

I.
The huntsman's sunny dwelling lies
Upon the mountain side.
His pretty daughter's hazel eyes
Are famous far and wide.

II.
Down in the valley, low and still,
And dark with Lindens tall,
Stands my father's well known mill
And little garden wall.

III.
The mountain stream with rushing sound
Pours down its foaming tide,
It turns our mill wheel round and round,
And brings no fish beside.

IV.
And on the bank, from day to day,
My line upon my knee,
I sit and watch the dashing spray
That flows from her to me.

V.
The fishes round about me play,
I let them come and go;
My empty basket rolls away,
My bait swings to and fro.

VI.
But, see! a fish comes floating by,
The fish I love to see;
A rose dropped from her window high,
She sends it down to me.

VII.
Such pretty things it spoke to me
Of hopes and fears and wishes;
She broke it from the bush for me,
Loveliest of little fishes.

VIII.
So every day, day after day,
Our fishes reach the sea;
And every day, day after day,
Love's fishes come to me.

IX.
A flower, a bud, a tuft of grass,
This sort of fish or that;
And then before my looking-glass,
I stick it in my hat.

X.
At dusk, beneath her window singing,
I go and stand awhile;
And soon away her sewing flinging,
She meets me with a smile.

XI.
My mother says, "I idle grow,
For fishing I care naught."
Ah! ha! my mother does not know
The precious fish I've caught.

Original Tales.

THE LITTLE BOUND GIRL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

"Don't cry, Lucy. Sister Caroline is a naughty, proud girl, to speak in such a way to you. I am sure that you look far prettier in that plain dress, than she does in her finery. And yet I cannot think it right of mamma, always to buy new dresses for Caroline, and make you do with her old ones. But you are really a great deal prettier than Caroline, for all; and I love you better, though she is my sister, and you are only 'our little bound girl.' Caroline does not consider that if our father and mother had died, she might have been a bound girl, too, and it is not because we are any better than you, that our parents live, and that your's are gone to heaven. Don't cry so, Lucy—I will always love you, and when I am a man, I will take you to live with me, and then you shall have finer dresses than Caroline, and she shall never scold or taunt you any more, and you shall not be obliged to do the dirty work then, either."

Poor little Lucy Carey twined her bony embrowned arms around the neck of her comforter, and her tears wet his cheek and neck, as she sobbed out,—"Oh, George, dear George! I could not live, indeed I could not, if it was not for you, to take my part, and to comfort me. I wish you were a man now, George. I would not mind the dirty work, for you would not scold me and strike me, when I did the very best I could. Oh, George, I am afraid I shall not live till you are a man. I feel so sick and tired sometimes."

"Do not speak so sorrowfully, dear Lucy," murmured the boy, kissing her pale, wet cheek. "You must live for my sake. If you were dead, I should have nobody in the world to love. I cannot love Caroline—and indeed mamma is so hard to you, that I do not love her very much."

It was thus that the warm-hearted boy would comfort the poor oppressed orphan child; and she who received kindness from no other, loved him, as only one like her could love. Do you know how the heart loves, when all its treasures are centred in the one dear object? When it has neither wealth, or friend, or joy, or hope, save in that only worshipped one? We read of devoted love amongst the daughters of affluence; of fair ladies pining away to death over a broken faith, in the midst of affectionate relatives and obsequious attendants in gorgeous habitations, and surrounded on all sides with the splendor of fashion and the luxuries of riches; but it is rational to suppose that for every one of these, there are dozens amongst the poor, who go down to the early sepulchre, bearing the blight of crushed affections. For though some modern authors betray their utter ignorance of the human heart by supposing that pure, tender and exalted feelings belong only to that class of mankind who dwell in palaces, and wear purple and fine linen, still it is none the less an obvious and indisputable truth, that the tender, the lofty, the true, the holy, and enduring affections are indigenous to our nature, and are most frequently brought out in their bloom and power along the green pathways where nature, unsophisticated by the tinsels of fashion, or the falsehoods of the conventional world, walks quietly with industry, simplicity and conscientious piety.

These may be deemed homely remarks; but I am not getting up a spangled fiction, to pamper pride and vanity, to fill the young mind with that romance which leads to inevitable disappointment and disgust at the sober realities of life. I am only telling a true story, of a true and noble heart. If there be those who do not love *truth*, they are now admonished.

The father of George Bell was a farmer—one of those independent tillers of the ground, who maintain their proud independence by a regular routine of daily labor, which no slave could endure. He inherited from his father a small farm, in a northern county of Connecticut, a land emphatically of hills and vallies, but not flowing with milk and honey. It was only in answer to the most indefatigable labor in manuring and tilling, that the sullen soil yielded the golden harvest and the ripened fruit. But Mr. Bell was inured to labor. He was healthy and contented; nay, proud and happy. His wife was a help meet for him. No servant or hireling consumed the profits of their toil, or checked by an unsympathizing presence, the freedom of their domestic intercourse. But when their second child, the before mentioned George, was nine years old, and there seemed no prospect of any further increase of their family, they were induced to receive of the overseers of the poor, in character of "bound girl," the orphan of a stranger who came into their neighborhood when the child was almost an infant, and simply saying that she was a widow, opened a school for little girls. But her health was so poor that she did not succeed, and after a few years of patient and uncomplaining suffering, she died, leaving her little girl, an orphan, amongst strangers. The poor creature was not, during her illness, confined to her bed, and her neighbors, though they saw her fading away, did not deem her near her end, and so she died in a clear starlight night of the sweet June, with no one in the house except the child, which slept sweetly by her side, while she passed through the death agony to the sleep which heeds not the voice of love or sorrow. The next morning, a passer by, attracted by the piteous crying of the child, mingled with piercing calls of "Mother! dear mother!" went in, and beheld the little sufferer sitting in her night clothes, in bed, with the head of her dead mother in her lap, all bathed with the tears that fell like a shower, as she essayed to waken her with kisses and wild lamentations. The honest man declared, that as he gazed on that scene, he understood what is meant by the term heart ache.

The poor widow's effects were sold to defray the expense of her funeral, and pay off her last quarter's rent, and Mr. and Mrs. Bell permitted the child to be bound to them, more out of a feeling of compassion than from any interested motive. And they meant to treat her kindly. But the child was very troublesome. She had been so petted by the poor mother, who knew that she could not live to love her long,—and the little creature turned from her master's family, and would creep away alone and cry; and some nights she kept the family awake by her low sobbing and constant repetition of the words "Mother! oh, mother!"

Mr. Bell thought that in receiving the child into his family, he had performed a Christian's duty; and his wife felt that while she gave the stranger plenty of wholesome food and comfortable clothing, she was entitled to gratitude and cheerful service. She kept her own children busy all day long, she could not require more of the little bound girl; the stranger that was within their gates.

But Lucy Carey had been cherished in the bosom of the fondest love, and though that love was widowed and sorrowful, it was very sweet. And the child caught the spirit of her mother, in its love, and in its sadness. That mother was a gentle creature, and the atmosphere of her home was a pensive peace. Now she was like a tender plant, transplanted from a shady bower into the presence of the sun and wind and storm. The neighbors agreed that Mr. Bell's family were kind to the orphan, but she felt the lack of love, and was unhappy. Mrs. Bell sometimes reproached her, as a sulky, ungrateful creature, but Mr. Bell, whenever he was present, would say mildly, "Remember, wife, she is an orphan." And Lucy would have loved Mr. Bell, but that he was one of those who wear a kind heart beneath a stern exterior; he never fondled his own children, or addressed any member of his family by a tender epithet. She could not, therefore, nestle to his heart.

As she grew large and strong enough to perform some labor, Mrs. Bell deemed it not only justice, but duty, to teach the child to work, to inure her to toil, and require that the task be not only done—but well done. And I much fear there are very few, who would not, as she did, while she kept her own daughter equally busy, allot to the bound girl the more menial and disagreeable offices of household labor. The ordinary dress of both girls was home-made linen, or wool—and Mrs Bell purchased for Caroline only one new chintz yearly. This was sometimes hardly soiled during the year, and as Lucy was smaller than Caroline, it was her custom still to make this dress answer for a Sunday's best, for the bound girl. Besides, whatever other clothing Caroline "out-grew" was turned over to Lucy, without altering, and as Caroline was a stout, fleshy girl, and Lucy exceedingly slender and delicate, she generally made a grotesque appearance. But her greatest grievance was the imperious temper, and contemptuous carriage of Caroline, who made her feel continually that she was an orphan and a bound girl. Caroline was often deputed to oversee Lucy's task, and then she acted the unfeeling task-master and if Lucy betrayed any rebellious feelings, was sure to report her *insolence* to Mrs. Bell; who, like most mothers, deemed her own daughter always right, and Lucy in the fault. No wonder that the child felt herself unloved and oppressed, that she became reserved and unamiable in disposition, and often when she crept into a corner to relieve her swollen heart by weeping, she felt the tears forced back like fire upon her soul, by words of ridicule, or angry reproaches of pouting and sullenness.

Under these circumstances, how very sweet and precious was the kind and tender sympathy of the chivalrous George Bell. Although she never uttered any complaint, he saw and understood her position, and sought by every means to comfort and sustain her. And her young heart rested on his affection, till it seemed to have no separate existence. Her whole little life was one reference to him.

George had been a fine, healthy boy, until in his thirteenth year he suffered severely with measles, and his constitution seemed quite broken by the malignity of the disease. His father perceived with deep regret, that his only son would not be able to endure the labors of husbandry. He therefore sent him regularly to school, until he was sixteen, and then procured him a situation in a large dry good's store in Hartford. The boy felt regret at parting from Lucy, for Miss Caroline's imperious temper grew more intolerant, and she still held the screen so artfully, that Mrs. Bell religiously believed her daughter a paragon of excellence—while all faults, mistakes, accidents and short comings were ascribed to Lucy; and all the recrimination and bitter words that Caroline rained upon her, were certainly no more than such a lazy, careless, sulky minx deserved.

George saw all clearly, and pitied the poor girl who, when he should be away, would have no friend to speak to—but Lucy—she was only fourteen—but her woman heart was even then so far developed, that she felt toward her generous champion more than a sister's love. To her his departure was the sunset of all joy.

"I shall be so desolate," she sobbed, as they sat together on the bench under the big apple-tree in the yard—"I shall be so desolate, with no one to love me—or smile when I have done well."

"I shall always love you, Lucy," he replied, "and I know that you will always do right. You must always imagine that I am looking at you, and smiling while you do your duty. And then I shall come home sometimes, and we shall be so glad to meet again. And depend upon it, Lucy, you will be rewarded for all your meek and patient toil and suffering. I know that I shall see you a happy woman yet."

All these words fell thrillingly on Lucy's ear, and her fond spirit treasured them as inestimable blessings; and often crept away from all other employments to count them over, to turn them, and dwell upon their beauty and value, as the miser does his hoarded gold.

But George had entered a new world, and before the first year of his novitiate had passed, he had acquired a new set of ideas, manners, and modes of expression. But his heart remained the same under its new habiliments. Lucy felt that he had improved, and her love acquired a feeling of worshipping humility. That he, the son and heir, the learned and genteely accomplished, should still love and cherish the poor bound girl. Oh, she would have laid her very soul at his feet, and joyed to see it perish in ministering to his happiness. And this is woman's love. Did he so love her? Many a time he told her that he loved her more than any other created being; but he began to mingle in the society of the city. He associated with gentlemen, and educated ladies; he was pleased with their exterior of gentle grace and fashionable elegance, and his unsophisticated heart knew not that the first is a mask, wrought by education, which frequently conceals the deformities of a radically bad temper and evil heart;—and the other is merely a veil for homeliness of person. Indeed there are few young women who may not appear beautiful through the adornments of wealth, taste, and fashion. I have often thought, as I listened to the rapturous admiration bestowed upon a full dressed and painted belle, whether, if the same lady were attired in a faded cheap calico, and perspiring over a wash tub, any person would ever dream of calling her beautiful. But there are women who are lovely, under every disadvantage; and beautiful in all circumstances of dress and employment; and such an one was Lucy Carey. Her beauty was *of the person*; and her gentleness, *of the heart*. How did her cheek glow and her bosom throb as George said to her, "Ah, Lucy, I wish the city ladies could see you at your work, more beautiful and graceful than the richest of them in the dance or at the piano. And how tame is the music of the piano to the sweet melody of your bird-like song." Such words were very sweet to Lucy—and caused her little fluttering heart to nestle still closer in his bosom. If any one had asked her if she expected to become his wife, the question would have startled her. She was so happy in the consciousness of possessing his exclusive affection, that she craved no higher happiness, and was content in his absence, ah, joyful in the anticipation of his stated visits.

Caroline Bell had married a dashing young physician from Boston, who had settled in the village, within a mile of which her father's farm lay. Caroline was one of the elite of the village, and her handsome house was furnished in the most elegant manner. Mrs. Bell was highly delighted that her daughter was so well established, and Lucy did sincerely rejoice in her good fortune. And she had reason to be glad on her own account; for after Caroline left home, Mrs Bell seemed to discover all Lucy's good qualities, and became more affectionate toward her than she had ever been toward any creature. Lucy's grateful heart overflowed with affection toward her, and the name mother, by which she was early taught to address her, gushed up full of sweetness from her heart. And when Mr. Bell remarked one evening that when he took in the weeping orphan, he little thought that he had brought home an angel, to make his house a little heaven;—she fell on her knees before him, and as he encircled her with his strong arm, declared that she would never murmur against the God who had so abundantly blessed her.

And did she forget her promise, when the blight fell on her heart flowers?

* * * * * *

It was May; all the world was full of bloom, and melody, and sweetness; and the spirit of love shed calm and beauty over all. George was to be home to spend a week amongst the blessed scenes of his childhood; and his parents smiled approvingly as Lucy arranged every thing, and made preparation for his reception and accommodation. He came. there was a day of joy and gladness. And when the sun was low, and the faltering winds heavy with perfume; when the birds poured their richest songs, and the very Heaven above was rosy with the flush of love, George and Lucy were sitting with clasped hands, on the accustomed bench, under the old heavy blossomed apple tree. Mrs. Bell had been long regarding them from the open window, when she turned to her husband, whose eyes were fixed in the same direction, and said, with a smile:

"Did you ever see a sweeter sight? Oh, they will be the crown of blessing to our old age,—for I am sure they love each other dearly."

As she spoke, Lucy started from her seat, as if pierced by a sudden pang, reeled a moment, catching at vacancy, and fell like a lifeless thing into the arms of George, who sprung to save her from falling on the earth. Mrs. Bell ran out hastily, followed by her husband, and the pale, insensible girl was soon laid upon her bed, and a messenger dispatched for the village doctor.

"Father!—mother!" cried the young man—"it is I who have done this, but indeed I did not suspect that she loved me so. I was telling her how happy we should all be, when I brought home my beautiful affianced bride."

The mother sank down nearly as pale as poor Lucy, and the father groaned out—

"Oh, George, you have disappointed us all."

"I believe I have been enchanted," cried the young man. "Certainly I love Lucy more than all other women; but I never thought that she could be my wife. And now I have asked the hand of another. Oh, I shall go mad."

And the three were weeping bitterly when the physician arrived.

"My friends," said the good man, "you have a singular method of proving your affection; why the girl may die while you sit weeping. Come, be active, and try to do something for her."

She revived, but not until the fourth day was she able to converse with any one. That evening George had a long conference with her, and came from her chamber, trembling and very pale, and the next morning early he left for Hartford.

After a few days Lucy left her chamber, and assumed her former place in the household. But instead of regaining her smiles and roses, she grew daily more thin, and pale, and sad. She had no appetite for her food, and her anxious friends often heard her weeping in the night-time.

"We must send her away for a while," said Mr. Bell to his wife. "She will pine to death here. I have been thinking that my old friend, the minister, at Woodstock, would like to have her in his family awhile; and it would be a good place for her."

"Aye," replied the wife, "but how shall we propose such a thing to her. I fear we should only add to her grief."

A few days passed, and one afternoon Lucy came into the room where Mrs. Bell was sitting, knelt down, put her arm around her neck, and nestling her face on the heaving bosom, murmured, in broken sentences,—

"Mother, I must tell you all. I cannot live so. Dear mother, ever since you took me in, I have loved your son. Do not chide me—I have worshipped him, for he has been in all my thoughts. Mother, he is about to wed another. I ought not to feel thus—I do not know why it is, but I would have him love me only. I cannot bear that he should love her, too. No doubt she is good and beautiful, but I cannot love her now. He offered to forsake her, to break his pledge of love to her, but I would not allow it. I told him solemnly that even in that case, I should consider him her husband, and mine he could not be. Mother, I know I was right. My heart can never heal,—why then should hers be broken. He must come home to live now. He will open a store here, and will be happy with his bride, but we cannot live together. Oh, mother, I feel that we cannot be to each other that which we have always been, till now; and intercourse of another character neither of us can endure. So I came to say to you, dear mother, that I must leave you. That the orphan you have so kindly cherished must go out upon the world. You will not blame me, now that I have told you all; and you will advise me where to seek an asylum."

"You are a noble girl," sobbed Mrs Bell, "and may leave us for awhile, but you must always consider our house your home."

Lucy went to the good clergyman at Woodstock, and George Bell brought home his fair and fashionable bride. But they had both made a fatal mistake. She was the daughter of a dashing city merchant, and her education had not fitted her for useful country life. When Mrs. Bell discovered her utter helplessness, and ignorance of every useful art, something very like contempt mingled with the pity she felt for her; and the bride was in agonies at the thought of being found by such of her city acquaintances as might travel out to see her in her country residence, in such an old-fashioned, ill-furnished house, —and then to present as her father and mother-in-law, those queer looking old people, in their homespun, odd-shaped clothing. Oh, she was sure it would kill her; and then she almost hated her husband for being the son of such people, and bringing her to such a home. It had been George's intention to build a house and open a store, according to his means; and remain on the old homestead, but his wife wept, and sulked, and entreated, until he at length consented to take a fine house in the city, and adding all that he could command to her wedding portion, open a store in a fashionable street. The sequel is soon told. What with enormous rents, high fashion, and brilliant parties, he so outlived his income, that he was on the brink of ruin; and then he somehow persuaded his father to assist him, until all they both possessed was covered with debts. Then, when it was too late, he resolutely resolved on retrenchment. All his city property was given up, and he brought his distracted bride, with her three children, once more to the farm house. But Isabel's pride was stronger than her love. She could not endure the change in her circumstances, and in a few months George Bell was a widower.

And where was Lucy all this time? She had remained a few months with the good clergyman, by whose pious teachings she learned to endure and look to God. By his advice she accompanied a lady to the city of New York. There, by means of her mother's Bible, which had been religiously preserved for her, when all else was sold, and had been ever cherished as her dearest treasure, she discovered her father, or rather was discovered by him, and learned her mother's pathetic story. She was a widow's cherished child, and the young and ardent son of the wealthy Mr. Carey had drawn her into a clandestine marriage, which so incensed the elder Mr. Carey, that he shut his door against him, and refused to give him a solitary dollar. The usual consequences followed, poverty and disease. Poor Lucy left her babe with its sick father, and went to the stern old man, and besought him to save his son from death, or desperation.

"Only on one condition," cried the inexorable father. "If you leave him, and resign all claim upon him forever, I will receive him again as my son."

"I will do it," gasped out the heroic woman, and Mr. Carey obliged her to sign papers to that purport. He then bade her meet him at a stage office, with her child, at eight in the evening. She went home, told her husband that she had seen his father, and was to meet him again; and assured him that all would be well. So at night she dressed herself and child, and with a smiling face and words of hope received her husband's kiss, and having playfully asked a kiss and blessing for the smiling babe, hurried away to the rendezvous. The old man was there, and he put into her hand a letter, and a purse of money, as without a word he assisted her into a stage coach which was ready, and started directly away. That night was one of such agony to the poor exile, as even woman is seldom called to undergo. In her efforts to prevent her anguish from breaking out in shrieks and wild lamentations she felt a sudden pang, as if a pistol ball had passed through her vitals, and from that hour her doom was sealed. All night she wept, and there was none to comfort her. When the morning was light, she found that the letter was not addressed to her, but to a person in Hartford. To this man she went sick and worn out with sorrow and her long journey. She was admitted to the house, and had a room assigned her, and soon discovered that she had been recommended as a seamstress. In this situation she continued until the *gentleman*, emboldened by her situation, and the ambiguous manner in which Mr. Carey had couched his recommendation, addressed her in a manner which obliged her to fly from his house, and then she found her way to the neighborhood where she died.

Mr. Carey visited his son the day after he sent away poor Lucy—found him very ill, and nearly distracted,—took him home, and affected to make search for the lost ones. But they were not found. The bereaved husband and father recovered; and as the old man denied having ever seen them, he supposed that she had been the victim of some infernal plot.

Several years after, when the old man lay on his death bed, he made confession of his cruelty, and then with trembling hope, Mr. Carey traced his poor fugitive to her place of sojourn in Hartford, but there all trace was lost. Tortured with ten thousand painful imaginations, he still lived lonely and miserable in the midst of great wealth and all life's luxuries. But grief had made him "old before his time;" and the mingled emotions at finding his long lost child, and learning the sufferings and death of his noble hearted wife, were too much for his enfeebled constitution. Lucy nursed him with filial tenderness a few months, and then she was again an orphan; but mistress of a queenly income. Of all these things she kept her foster parents advised by letter, and they rejoiced in her good fortune. But when she was gone from them, they recalled all the incidents of her sorrowful childhood, and all the meek forbearance with which she bore her servile lot, and performed her too often heavy tasks; and in their regret for what they now deemed their harshness to the orphan child, they fancied that she, too, must remember these things, and think of them with resentment, or at least with feelings far removed from love. And George! Oh how bitterly did he lament the foolish vanity which prompted him to seek an alliance with wealth and fashion. To this vanity he had sacrificed honor and love, and now the bubble had dissolved in tears. But his punishment was not yet complete.

"I will go and spend the blooming spring amongst the friends of my childhood," said Lucy Carey, to the housekeeper of her splendid mansion in Broadway, New York. "Take good care of every thing until I return."

The fields were green at Bell farm when she arrived, and the dear old apple tree again heavy with bloom and fragrance, and as she drew near she beheld a little girl apparently weeping in her own old accustomed place. Oh how the sad memories rushed to her heart at that sight.

"Why do you weep, dear?" she enquired, as she laid her hand gently on the head of the weeper. The child did not seem frightened, but nestled at once to her embrace, and said, amid her sobbings,

"I am crying for poor grand-papa. They are going to sell his farm and house, and all his cattle to-day for papa's debts. Papa and grandma are trying to comfort him, but, dear lady, I could not stay to see the good old white-haired man cry so bitterly. He only prays to die here where he was born and has always lived till now."

"He shall live here many happy years longer," cried Lucy; and followed by the wondering child was soon in the old man's chamber clasping him to her heart. "Be of good cheer, dear, dear father," she cried. "God has not forgotten your kindness to the orphan. Look!" and she strewed the little table beside him with gold and bank notes from her purse. "Look! God has sent you enough to free you from all embarrassments, and make your remaining days happy."

No pen can paint the scene that then ensued. In that hour Lucy was more than compensated for all that she had suffered beneath that roof; and if ever Christians were tempted to worship mortal woman, it was that grateful family.

She remained several weeks to share their happiness—and fervently, earnestly did George Bell plead to her for pardon and love.

"I have nothing to forgive," she said, "and I never loved any other but you. But, George, the romance of the heart can come to mine no more. I am—and will ever be your loving sister,—but no man shall call me wife." And she was firm. But when she returned to New York she carried with her, as her adopted child, the little girl that she found under the apple tree, and who was her namesake; and every summer she visits Bell farm, which her munificence has enlarged, improved and beautified, and where George Bell, with his son and eldest daughter, make the old people happy—and George still cherishes, in his secret heart, a hope that Lucy will one day stand beside him at the altar.

Original Poetry.

TO MISS ELLEN N. H--------, OF NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I need not say I love thee,—for who is there does not?
Thou who art all too beautiful to ever be forgot;
For he who once has seen thee, and hath a heart like mine,
Must own thy beauty's magic power and worship at thy shrine.

And I *do* love thee, beautiful and glorious as thou art!—
And feel that thou alone hath power to rule this wayward heart;
For oh how wildly thrilled each pulse whene'er it felt thee near,
Thou! who alone of all on earth can make me happy here.

Oh! if, as Scotia's bard hath sung, there be to mortals given,
Whilst here on earth, a little less of earth below, than Heaven,
Then, then indeed I have the key the secret to disclose,
It is that thou, most beautiful, thyself, art one of those!

'Tis true I scarce am known to thee, except by sight and name,
And have as yet but scarce begun to climb the hill of Fame,
But let the radiance of thy eyes but light me on my way,
And nought on earth, I promise thee, my onward course shall stay.

Then bid me climb to win thy love, Fame's dazzling, towering height,
Or dare the yawning cavern's gulf, where reigns eternal night,
Bid me to cross the ocean's foam through foreign lands to stray,
If 'tis thy will, thy will is law, and mine is to obey.

But soft!—all things around me say 'tis not the hour for love,
That moonlight is the trysting hour when silence wraps the grove;
But shall the heart with seasons change—shall time its feelings sever?
No!—whilst mine beats, it beats for thee—for thee will beat forever!

Philadelphia, May, 1847. J. M.

A Thrilling Tale.

THE SKY-LEAPERS.

A Tale of Norway.

[We know not whether the following legend was ever published in the Post—it has not been since our connection with it—but, if it has, we think its merit a sufficient excuse for its republication. It is pleasant sometimes to meet again with a story that thrilled your bosom when you first perused it, as this did ours in our boyhood.]

Much of the interest felt on beholding a chain of lofty mountains arises from the feeling that on lands such as these the foot of the invader has seldom rested, and has never long tarried. So often, from the pass of Thermopylæ to the heights of Morgarten, have the brave proved their own hills to be impregnable, that no tale of overwhelming numbers will counteract the feeling that a mountain-land so won has been betrayed by the cowardice of the inhabitants. Of this cowardice, history unfortunately gives us some proofs. But these few instances of weakness and treachery only serve to give the force of strong contrast to the bright examples of higher and nobler spirits. These reflections apply more especially to Norway, the scene of the tradition which now awakens them, and which often rouses the warm Norse blood, when told by some of the older peasants to the listeners round a cottage hearth on a long winter's evening.

In 1612, there was a war between Norway and Sweden, distinguished from a mass of the forgotten conflicts, at one time so frequent between these rival and neighboring countries, by the tragic fate of Sinclair's body of Scottish allies, the remembrance of which is celebrated in many a fine Norwegian ballad. It is matter of history, that the Scots landed on the west coast of Norway, to join their allies, the Swedes, went along the only valley-pass leading to Sweden, and were annihilated in the deep defile of Galbrandsdale, by the peasantry. At the time when they should have arrived in Sweden, a small body of Swedes, encamped in Jemptland, resolved to meet their allies, of whose movements they had received intelligence, and escort them over the frontiers, crossing by the hill passes, and uniting with the Scots on the other side. This band, to whose fortunes we attach ourselves, numbered but three hundred warriors; but they were the very flower of Sweden. They resolved to penetrate the barrier at the most inaccessible point, believing that the Norse would collect in the Southern country, where they were opposed by a Swedish army, and rest secure in the deep snows, which rendered the hills impassable, for the defence of their mountain frontier.

So they came, says the legendary story, to the foot of the wild pass of Ruden, a spot fated to be dangerous to the Swedes, and since strewed with the frozen corpses of the hosts of Labarre and Zoega, who perished there. Their company filled the few cottages of the small hamlet on the Swedish side of the barrier, where they arrived early in the day. They were eager in their inquiries for a guide: being resolved to pass the hills ere night, lest tidings should reach the Norsemen of their approaching foes; but all their search proved fruitless. Many of the Swedes of the village had been over these mountains, but none were on the spot possessing that firm confidence derived from certainty of knowledge, and from conscious intrepidity, which could alone make them secure or willing guides in an expedition of so much peril and importance. At last old Sweyne Koping, the keeper of the little inn which was the Swedes' head-quarters, shouted with the joy of him who has at once hit upon the happy solution of a difficulty. "By the bear!" he exclaimed, "could none of you think of the only man in Jemptland fit for the enterprise, and he here on the spot all the while! Where is Jarls Lindens?"

A hundred voices echoed the eager question, and the leaders were told, to their regret, that they must wait perforce till the morrow, for the only man able or willing to guide them Lindens had gone forth on a journey, and would not return that day.

"Well," said Eric Von Dalin, the chief of the Swedish detachment, "there is no help for it—To-day we must depend upon the kind entertainment of our host; but beware, my brave men all, beware of deep horns of ale or mead. Remember," pointing to the rugged peaks glittering in the snow, "remember that all who would sleep beyond those to-morrow, will need firm hands and true eyes. And, good Sweyne, (addressing the innkeeper, who was the chief person of the hamlet,) look well that no sound of our coming reach those Norse sluggards. There may be some here, who for their country's sake would cross the hills this night with warning."

"Thou art right, by Manheim's freedom!" cried the host: "here sits Alf Stavenger: he knows these hills better than his own hunting pouch, and would think little of carrying the news to his countrymen. I am sorry," he continued, turning to Alf, "verily I grieve to make an old friend a prisoner; but you must abide here in safe keeping till our men are well forward."

"I care not if I stay here to-night and forever," replied the Norseman. Eric now looked for the first time upon the speaker, and confessed that he had never beheld a finer looking man. In the prime of the beauty of the Northern youth, Alf Stavenger was remarkable for a cast of features bearing traces of a higher mind than can often be discerned in the cheerful, lusty faces of his countrymen.

"Does the valley marksman speak thus?" said the host.

"Ay," answered the youth, "when you are thrust forth from the fireside, you can but seek another root. If your own land casts you out, you are fain to cling to the stranger—the enemy."

"Has Emlen's father been rough?" inquired Sweyne.

"Name him not!" replied the young peasant, angrily. "They have heaped refusal and insult upon me—let them look for their return! Ay, Skialm Harder may one day wish I had wed his daughter—my name shall yet be fearfully known throughout Norway. Swede, I will myself guide your troop this night over the Tydel. Trust me fully, and you shall be placed to-morrow beyond those white peaks."

"You will have a fearful passage first," said an old peasant; "there is no moon now, and it will be pitch dark long before you cross the Næro."

"The night is to us as noon day," cried a young soldier; "for your crags, we fear them not, were they as high as the blue heavens. Our life has been among rocks, and in our land we are called the 'Sky-Leapers.'"

"I will trust the young Norseman," continued the chief; "wounded pride and slighted love may well make a man hate the land that has spurned him, were it his own a hundred times."

As the day was fast wearing away, but little time was lost in preparation. Each man carried with him fir skates, to be used when, after climbing the rough ascent, they wound along those narrow and difficult paths which skirt the face of the cliffs crossing the mountains. Their guide told them that he should lead them, when it grew dark, by lighted torches, to be procured and used as he should afterwards direct them.

During their slippery and rugged journey, Alf could not help admiring the spirit, coolness and activity shown by the party in scaling the dangerous rocks; and they felt insensibly drawn one to another by that natural though unuttered friendship which binds together the brave and high-souled. Still few words passed between them, though many of the Swedes spoke Norse well, and Alf knew Swedish as thoroughly as his own tongue. On both sides were feelings which led them to commune with their own thoughts in silence.

After some hours of hard and successful climbing, they halted, at the close of day, on the snowy summit of a ridge they had just ascended, to fasten on their skates. They had now to traverse the long, slippery defiles so peculiar to Norway, where the path runs upon narrow ledges of rock, at an awful height, winding abruptly in and out along the rugged face of the hills. Here they formed in single file, and their guide, taking the lead of the column, kindled, by rapid friction, one of the pine branches, of which each had, by his orders, gathered an abundance on their way. He said, in a few brief and energetic words, "that here must they tempt the fate of all who would conquer Norway, unless they chose to return; now were they really to win their proud name of Sky-Leapers." He bade them move along rapidly and steadily, following the light of his torch. Every man was to bear a blazing pine, kindled from his, and thus, each pressing on the light before him, the track would not be lost in the turns and windings. He placed the coolest and most active in the rear, that they might pass lightly and skilfully over the snow, roughened by the track of their leaders, and keep the line of lights, which was their only hope of safety, compact and unsevered.

What a change from the toilsome climbing which had wearied the most enduring spirit! They flew over the narrow slippery path, now in a long straight arrow-course of fires, now lost and then emerging in the sharp turnings of the cliffs. The dangers of the Næroe, which make even the natives shudder at the giddy narrow path and awful depths, were half unseen in the darkness, and all unfeared by these brave men, who darted exultingly through the keen bracing night-breeze of the hills.

At every step the windings became more abrupt, and it seemed to his nearest follower, that even the guide looked anxious and afraid, when, almost coming close to him at a turning, he saw, by the joining light of their torches, the countenance of Alf turned back towards the long line of flying stars, with a troubled and sorrowful look. To encourage him, he cried, in a bold and cheerful tone, "No fear! no danger! On brave Stavenger! The Sky-Leapers follow thee!" "On!" shouted back the guide, with a cry that echoed through the whole band, and quickened their lightning speed. Their torches flew along in one unbroken straight stream of fire, till a wild death-scream arose, marking the spot where light after light dropped in the dark silence. The depth was so terrible that all sound of fall was unheard. But that cry reached the last of the sinking line, and their hearts died within them; there was no stopping their arrow-flight—no turning aside without leaping into the sheer air.

Alf Stavenger shuddered at the death leap of these brave men over the edge of the rock. His soul had been bound to them in their brief journeying together, and had they not come as his country's invaders, he would have loved them as brothers for their frank courage. But Alf was at heart a true son of Norway. It is true he had resolved, in the desperation of his sorrow, to leave his fatherland for ever; still, when he saw this band coming to lay waste the valleys which he knew to be undefended, his anger was in a moment forgotten, and all his hot Norse blood was stirred within him. He was deterred, as we have seen, from crossing the hills to warn his countrymen; and he knew that when Jarls returned, he would be able and willing to guide the Swedes over the pass. He soon planned his daring scheme. "Ay," thought he, while this wavering train followed his leading torch, "I told them that *here* they should earn the proud name of Sky-Leapers!—that here those who warred with Norway should brave their fate! I said that Skialm Harder would wish he had given me his fair daughter—that my name should be known over my land for a deed of fear and wonder! I promised they should sleep on *our* side of the hills! Now will I well keep all that I have sworn. 'Tis a pity for them, too, so brave, so young, so unsuspecting; but two words have made my heart iron—Emlen and Norway."

Alf well remembered one point, where a long, straight path ended suddenly in a peak of rock, jutting far into the empty air. The road was continued round so sharp a re-entering angle, that much caution and nerve were needed, even by one well aware of all the danger, to wheel rapidly and steadily round the face of the abrupt precipice, and avoid shooting straight on over the ledge of rock. He had fixed upon this spot for the death-leap; in fact the Swedes never could have passed it in safety without having before been fully apprised of the peril, and afterwards cautioned of its vicinity as they approached.

When he looked back, as he led the line rapidly to their unseen and dreadful fate, he shuddered to think on what a death the brave and light hearted men who followed him were rushing. A word from the nearest follower roused him; he shouted to hasten their rapid flight, and darted boldly on, throwing his leading torch far over the point where they should have taken the sudden turn; but he had nearly fallen into the ruin of his followers. With the sounding speed of the flyers pressing hard upon his footsteps, all his nerve was barely sufficient, after flinging his blazing pine straight forward as a lure, to check his own course, and bear him round the point which severed life from death.

His speed was slackened by turning, and for a second, he fell giddy and senseless; every nerve had been strung for the decisive moment, and his brain reeled with the struggle. He awakened to consciousness to see the last of the line of torches dart into the empty space—then sink for ever; and he listened with a cold thrill of awe and terror to the echoes of the death scream of the last of the Sky-Leapers.

A True Story.

AN INCIDENT.

FROM THE ALBANY JOURNAL.

Those persons who were present at the prayer meeting at Dr Welch's Church on Friday evening last, will recollect that towards the close of the meeting, a young man, apparently a stranger, entered and took a seat with the assembly. Opportunity being given for exhortation from any, the stranger arose and remarked, that while he was waiting for the cars to leave for Massachusetts, he happened to be strolling by the door, and hearing the voice of prayer, entered; and although a stranger, he already felt that he was among Christian brethren, who used the same language and followed the same Master. There was nothing very peculiar in his appearance or dress, and after further exercises, the meeting closed, and the circumstance would probably soon have been forgotten. The writer of this, impelled by the Yankee propensity, and being himself a native of Massachusetts, at the close of the meeting sought an interview with the stranger and learned from him the following particulars.

Some months ago, it will perhaps be recollected, a long account was published in many of the papers, (and in the Evening Journal among the rest, I believe,) of a young man who was living in the vicinity of Worcester, Massachusetts, who was either lost or stolen from his parents thirty years ago, when he was only three or four years of age—whose only recollection of the matter was, that he was taken away from a large and thickly settled place, (Albany, as he has always supposed,) and he carried, he knew not whither—that after strolling through the country some years with a company of vagrant Indians or Negroes, with whom he suffered almost incredible hardships, having on one occasion narrowly escaped being murdered by one of their number; he finally escaped from them at Providence, Rhode Island, and after living in one place and another, located in a New England village, in Gratian, Massachusetts, where he was married about ten years ago, and has since resided.

The account was prepared by a worthy Baptist minister, and originally appeared in the Boston Christian Watchman, from which it was extensively copied into the papers through the country.—There has been much sympathy felt for the individual, as he neither knew where he was born, or whether any of his kindred were in the land of the living, and was moreover entirely ignorant of his own name and age. He has, however, for many years, called himself, and been known by the name of Abraham Vest.

It seems that the above account fell into the hands of an aged couple in the town of Ontario, Wayne County, New York, who having lost two children about the period mentioned, felt a peculiar interest in this case; and the post masters of Ontario and the New England village opened a correspondence on the subject. The result of it, is, that the friends of Mr. Vest, (who is poor) contributed the means, and he had just been out to see his supposed parents, and was on his return to Massachusetts when the writer saw him as above narrated.

His journey was successful! The moment the mother saw her long lost son, she fainted. But the cautious son, anxious to ascertain to a certainty whether these were indeed his parents, required unmistakeable proofs. The mother, with a mother's memory, described a mark upon his back; and scar of a scald upon his foot. He could no longer doubt, and the scene that followed may be better imagined than described. The parents, who supposed themselves childless, rejoiced over the son that was found, and the fatted calf was indeed killed. The son, who supposed himself an orphan, rejoiced to find his parents, even in their old age. He also ascertained that his real name was John Wilson, and his age about 34 years.

How inscrutable are the ways of Providence!—At the time of the separation of the parents and children (for a sister yet remains unfound) the father was somewhat dissipated, and this was probably one cause of the calamity. The son has for several years been a highly respectable and useful member of the Baptist church. How was his heart rejoiced to find both his parents pious members of the same communion! The writer saw and read a letter from his mother to his wife; the new daughter-in-law, which the son had. It was a most touching and affecting epistle from one, who, after the frosts of nearly sixty winters had passed over, had again found new objects of affection. The only thing wanting to fill their cup of happiness, is the restoration of the long lost daughter.

It may perhaps be proper to state, that it is the intention of Mr. Vest, *alias* Mr. Wilson, to publish hereafter in pamphlet form, an account of his somewhat eventful and romantic history.

Albany, June 3, 1847.

WAR ON A GRAND SCALE.

The Chinese Repository gives an account of a civil war that recently occurred between the two neighboring departments of Chang-Chao and Tsuen-Chao, which we can scarcely credit, but which, if it be true, throws the Mexican war altogether into the shade, and shows that the semi-barbarous heathens of China infinitely surpass the civilized and Christian people of this continent in the destructive game of war. The Repository states, for example, that in the progress of this war, 24,515 houses and 608 huts were pillaged, and 130,632 persons killed! The Chinese rather exult at this wholesale destruction of human life, in consequence of the density of the population—and because, they say, the removal of so many turbulent people will make room for a more quiet set—a mode of reasoning, we suppose, in accordance with the teachings of Confucius, and which a being of another sphere, suddenly introduced among us, would naturally suppose is not at all incompatible with those of our own.

Beautiful Sketch.

IRISH HEARTS.

At this moment, when the sufferings of the Irish people engross so large a share of public sympathy, the following sketch of Irish character, may not be found uninteresting. To us it seems touching and truthful. The story teller prefaces the incident by stating that he found an Irish family of a husband, wife, and several children, on one of our lake steamers. They were in great destitution; and the beauty of the children was the theme for the admiration of all their fellow travellers. At the request of a lady passenger, who having no children of her own, was desirous of taking one of the little Irishers and adopting it, the narrator addressed himself to the head of the family. We do not know the author of the sketch, and give it as we find it.

"Although," says the story teller, I had considerable doubts as to the results, I offered my services as a negotiator, and proceeded immediately upon my delicate diplomacy. Finding my friend on deck I thus opened the affair:

"You are very poor?"

His answer was characteristic—

"Poor, sir?" said he; "ay, if there's a poorer man than me troublin' the world, God pity both ov us, for we'd be about aiqual."

"Then how do you manage to support your children?"

"Is it support them, sir? Why I don't support them any way; they get supported some way or another. It'll be time enough for me to complain when they do."

"Would it be a relief to you to part with one of them?"

It was too sudden; he turned sharply round.

"A what, sir?" he cried; "a relief to part from me child? Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped from the body, or the heart torn out of my breast? And relief indeed!—God be good to us, what do you mane?"

"You don't understand me," I replied; "if now, it were in one's power to provide comfortably for one of your children, would you stand in the way of its interests?"

"No, sir," said he; "the heavens knows that I would willingly cut the sunshine away from myself, that they might get all the warm of it; but do tell us what you're driving at?"

I then told him that a lady had taken a fancy to one of his children; and, if he would consent to it, it should be educated and finally settled comfortably in life.

This threw him into a fit of gratulation. He scratched his head and looked the very picture of bewilderment. The struggle between a father's love and a child's interest was evident and touching, at length he said:

"Oh, murther, wouldn't it be a great thing for the baby! But I must go and have a talk with Mary—that's the mother of them, an' it wouldn't be right to be giving away her children afore her face, and she so know nothing at all about it."

"Away with you then," said I, "and bring me an answer back as soon as possible."

In about half an hour he returned leading two of his children. His eyes were red and swollen, and his face pale from excitement and agitation.

"Well," I enquired, "what success?"

"Bedad, it was a hard struggle, sir," said he, "but I've been talkin' to Mary; an' she says, as it's for the child's good, maybe the heaven's above will give us strength to bear it."

"Very well, and which of them is it to be?"

"Faix an' I don't know, sir," and he run his eye dubiously over both. "Here's little Norah—she's the oldest an' won't want her mother so much—but then—oh! tear an' aigers—it's myself that can't tell which I'd rather part with least; so take the first that comes wid a blessin'. There, sir,"—and he handed over little Norah—turning back he snatched her up in his arms, and gave her one long hearty father's kiss, saying through his tears:

"May God be good to him that's good to you; an' them that offers you hurt or harm, may their souls never see St. Pather."

Then taking his other child by the other hand, he walked away, leaving Norah with me.

I took her down in the cabin, and we thought the matter settled. It must be confessed, to my great indignation, however, in about an hour's time I saw my friend Pat at the window. As soon as he caught my eye he commenced making signs for me to come out. I did so—and found he had the other child in his arms.

"What's the matter now," said I.

"Well, sir," said he, "I ax your pardon for troubling you about so foolish a thing as a child or two, but we were thinkin' that maybe it'd make no differ—you see, sir, I've been talkin' to Mary, an' she says she can't part with Norah, because—the creature has a look ov me—but here's little Bibby, she's purtyer far, an' av you please, sir, will you swap?"

"Certainly," said I, "whenever you like."

So he snapped up little Norah, as though it were some recovered treasure, and darted away with her, leaving little Bibby, who remained with us all night; but lo! the moment when we entered the cabin in the morning, there was Pat making his mysterious signs again at the window, and by this time he had the youngest, a baby, in his arms.

"What's wrong now?" I enquired.

"Be the hokey fly, sir, an' it's myself that's almost ashamed to tell you. You see I've been talkin' to Mary, and she didn't like to part with Norah, because she had a look ov me, and be my soul, I can't afford to part with Bibby, because she's the model of her mother, but there's little Paudieen, sir. There's a lump of Christian for you, two years old, and not a day more—he'll never be any trouble to any one, for av he takes after his mother, he'll have the brightest eye, an' av he takes after his father, he'll have a fine broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Will you swap, sir?"

"With all my heart," said I, "it's all the same to me"—and so little Paudieen was left with us.

"Ah, ah," said I to myself, as I looked into his big laughing eyes, "the affair is settled at last," but it wasn't, for ten minutes had scarcely elapsed when Pat rushed into the cabin without sign or ceremony, and snatching up the baby in his arms, cried out—

"It's no use, I've been talkin' to Mary, an' we can't do it. Look at him, sir—he's the youngest and best of the batch. You wouldn't have the heart to keep him from us. You see, sir, Norah has a look ov me, and Bibby has a look ov Mary; but be my soul, little Paudieen has the mother's eye an' my nose, an' little bits ov both ov us all over. No, sir, no; we can bear hard fortune, starvation, and misery, but we can't bear to part from our children unless it be the will of Heaven to take them from us."

A COMMON ERROR.—A correspondent says he has made a bet of five dollars that a pound of feathers is of the same weight as a pound of gold, and requests us to decide. We disapprove of all bets, and seldom sanction them by a decision, but in this amusing case we will say that our correspondent has lost; for a pound of feathers is four ounces heavier than a pound of gold; the former being always weighed by avoirdupois, and the latter by troy weight.—*New Era.*

☞ Napoleon describes his mother as a woman above losses, privations, or fatigues, as enduring all bearing all—the head of a man on the body of a woman.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1867.

TERMS.

Single copies $3 per annum *in advance*—$3 if not paid in advance.

For $5 *in advance* one copy will be sent three years.

To Clubs we make the following LIBERAL OFFERS:

4 COPIES,	$5.00	PER ANNUM.
8 "	$10.00	" "
12 "	$15.00	" "
18 "	$20.00	" "

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed *from*, as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Sears' Pictorial Magazine" for one year—or, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "The Fountain," a Splendid New Journal, for 1867.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, or Sears' Pictorial Magazine—or, two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, or "The Fountain," for 1867—or we will send two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Fountain," for 1867, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

POST OFFICE DRAFTS.

Subscribers would oblige us by availing themselves of the above mode of remittance, when at all convenient. Being entirely *safe*, more than compensates for the additional trouble.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our subscribers in the West and South-West are respectfully informed, that they probably will be visited by our agents in the course of one or two months, and we trust they will be prepared to settle with them.

E. Y. Jennings is going through Illinois, Iowa, Michigan and Wisconsin; J. T. Dent, through Missouri; James R. Smith and Thomas G. Smith, through Indiana; and C. W. James and Frederick J. Hawes, through Ohio.

Of course the above notice is not intended to prevent those of our subscribers in the above States, who may find it convenient to remit, by mail, from doing so. On the contrary, we would much prefer their remitting us the amounts due us *promptly, as they would thereby save us the heavy per centage we have to pay our agents for the trouble and expense of collecting.*

THE MIRROR.

In our article upon "Martin, or the Foundling," last week, we *cracked* the N. Y. Mirror a little, and as a natural consequence it threws out some very perverse and crooked *reflections* upon us. It says —

The sole reason for discontinuing the publication of the work (Martin, or The Foundling,) by the Harpers in New York, was that which led to a lawsuit between the author and his publishers in Paris. The work didn't sell.

The "storm of public indignation" was a storm in a slop basin; it never had any existence out of the imagination of the editor of the Post.

Our *friend of the Mirror* is welcome to his opinion—but such a story as that will do better to tell out in Michigan or down in Texas, than in either New York or Philadelphia. By the way, why did the Mirror take the trouble of giving the great Post the phrase "a tempest in a tea pot," to a "storm in a slop-basin?" We think the first quite as pretty, and more classical.

Having gone this far, the Mirror leaves the paragraph that originally provoked its ire, and "carries the war into Africa," by characterizing our article upon Charles Dickens, in which we philosophized a little upon "profession *versus* practice," as illustrated in the case of that distinguished novelist, who writes a great deal about the suffering condition of the English poor, and joins in no practical movement in their behalf, as "*a piece of immorality that is calculated to have a much worse effect upon the public mind than anything that Sue, or Bulwer, or Bulwer, or Paul de Kock, ever wrote.*" At this singular charge, however, we do not feel as much surprised upon consideration, as we did at first, for it is evident the Mirror means to imply that the works of "Sue, Bulwer, Bulwer, and Paul de Kock," are very harmless.

The Mirror also says —

What right has he to single out Dickens, and ask what use he puts his money to, more than any other Englishman?

It seems to us the Mirror is a little demented. What right? Why the right every public teacher gives you, by touching publicly, to contrast his profession with his practice. We have a right to single out Dickens or any other *public* character, and examine how far his action is an incarnation of his thought. But there is no use in wasting argument upon so self-evident a proposition.

As to the question of an International Copyright Law, we expressed our opinions at length upon it some months ago, and there is no need of recapitulating them here, until there is more prospect than at present of the passage of such a Law by the American Congress.

In conclusion, we hope our friends of the Mirror will not get more at outs with us than possible. In fact, we like the Mirror, and in our brief allusion to its course in reference to Sue's novels, had no idea of stirring up "such a tempest—in—in" its spicy little body. We generally pick it up the first among our exchanges, for despite its curious trick of confounding the right to ideas and spiritual truths, (which no man has a right to, when their promulgation will benefit his fellows,) with the right to things material and earthly, it is a very able and interesting paper.

THE JACKSON MONUMENT

The Jackson Monument at Washington, is to be erected on a beautiful plot of ground north of and immediately fronting the President's house. The foundation is to consist of one solid block of rough stone, estimated to weigh at least *one thousand tons!* This can be procured in the vicinity of Georgetown, and delivered and put in place for $25,000.

Powers, the great American sculptor, and Mills, of South Carolina, have been requested to furnish designs, and state the peculiar kinds of bronze best calculated for the magnificent memorial, so that Congress may be applied to for the old cannon taken during the present war, to be thereto appropriated. This enormous stone will be laid, with appropriate ceremonies, on the 15th of March next, the birthday of the General.

We expect to be a witness to the movement of Washington, in Philadelphia, one of these days. The corner stone was planted with great ceremony many years ago, but granite grows very slowly in this neighborhood. It is supposed, however, that some wealthy citizen will die one of these days, and leave a rich legacy to the "Fund"—whereupon we will probably have a second grand celebration for our big little men to show off at, and then we may hope to see the corner stone begin to sprout a little.

ANOTHER DINNER.

A handsome dinner was given in Glasgow on the 17th ult., by Sir James Campbell and others, to Captain Rand, of the ship Monra bearer of aid, in the shape of provisions, to the destitute poor of the Scottish highlands. The Consul of the United States, Colonel Cowden, was one of the chief guests.

If this matter of giving dinners becomes general upon the arrival of a relief ship, we shall begin to think those that offer, and those that accept them, demented. Would it not be well to insert in the instructions of the American captains, that they must not accept such inappropriate testimonials of a starving people's gratitude?

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The Engineers employed on this great work are actively engaged in their duties, and many miles of the road will soon be under contract. Baltimore, New York and Boston are wide awake; but Philadelphia though slow to rouse, when she gets her Quaker steam once fairly up, will "go ahead." By the way, some persons are now their belief that even the census of 1870 will place Philadelphia at the head of the cities of the Union. If 1870 does not, 1880, if she does her duty, will.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Delta tells a most remarkable story of a child he has come across with telescopic eyes. The child cannot see things that are near to him, but finds no difficulty in distinguishing objects without the range of ordinary vision. The Delta's correspondent says —

As I had a desire to test the correctness of his sight by an observation on the satellites of Jupiter, you may judge of my pleasure when I received an invitation to remain for the night. Soon after supper, I hastened to make the experiment. The forenoon was cloudy with its watery pencils, consequently what little moisture the atmosphere as pellucid as possible—and Jupiter and Saturn were to be seen floating in majestic splendor, without a rival among the thousands of their glittering contemporaries. Having with me a small telescope, of power sufficient to observe the satellites of Jupiter, I directed the boy's attention to this planet at the same time requesting him to inform me if he saw any small luminaries in its vicinity, and to state how they were situated with regard to the primary body. In a moment he asserted that he saw "three balls like golden marbles, one above the planet, one on the right, and the other on the left hand." I then asked him their apparent relative distance from the main body, and he answered that the upper one was the most remote, and that on the left the least. I immediately pointed the telescope to the spot, and found, to my indescribable astonishment, that the boy was minutely correct in every particular. His attention was next drawn to the planet Saturn, when he announced that he could plainly discern four small bodies, similar to those adjacent to Jupiter, but of an inferior size: in this instance I was well prepared for an investigation, the power of my instrument being too limited. The next morning I perused my journey, with the intention of returning in a few days to renew my inquiries. On my return I instituted other experiments that proved, to a demonstration, the telescopic vision of the child, but as I have already written more than I intended, I shall not now attempt a recapitulation of them. I may mention, however, that I took a chance the relative positions of the moons of Jupiter had materially changed, yet this wonderful boy again fully convinced me that his unassisted sight reached so far, *at least*, as my telescope.

The above story may all be very true, but as the world at the present day is marvellously given to lying—or to hoaxing, which is a milder name for the same thing—we shall remain incredulous for the present. If it be true, however, we would advise that the boy's attention be especially turned to the study of astronomy—though how he is to study anything, with his inability to see objects close at hand, is a question. He might, however, overcome this difficulty by sitting down outside the house, and placing his books, charts, &c., in the garret window.

Since writing the above we have met with the following communication in the United States Gazette, of this city. As to the truth of the facts alleged by the correspondent of the Gazette, we know nothing; having an extremely favorable opinion of the whole tribe of stars, planets, moons, &c., but no very particular acquaintance with them:

The wonderful account given by the correspondent of the N. O Delta, "T. B," of "a child with Telescopic powers of vision," proves that he has been completely humbugged or in endeavoring to play that game on the public for purposes intimated in his own letter. In the first place, Mr. Editor, *Jupiter*, on or just prior to the 21st of May last was, soon after a very early supper, either below the horizon or so close to it as to be invisible even by the aid of tolerably powerful, particularly mud; this have been the case with the satellites. Secondly, If this prodigy saw the moons of Jupiter one *above the planet*, one on the right and the other on the left hand—he saw what has never yet been seen by any astronomer, or the attendant must have been at that particular moment cutting fantastical capers to have travelled so far out of her accustomed path. Unless any oft repeated observations, and all that I have ever heard or read of heavenly body be more moon-shine, the places of the orbits of all four of these moons are concentric and parallel, *of course they must always appear in the same straight line.* T. B. should have remembered his school boy astronomy a little better.

ONE IN A THOUSAND.

Under the above head, the Chronicle of this city tells the following story —

"On inquiring the other day the circumstances of a lively old gentleman, who boards at one of our hotels, we were told that he was poor, and supported himself by working as a lawyer's clerk. He had, in his early manhood, been wealthy, but he loved a beautiful girl, who, unfortunately, had be stowed her affections on another young man, who was poor. On ascertaining this, the rejected lover conveyed all his property to the fortunate one, on condition that he married the girl. He saw the union consummated and went to work—a poor but contented man. We look upon that old gentleman as one among one thousand, for his nobility of soul."

We are not quite certain that we agree with our contemporary in its implied encomium upon the action in question, that is, if the account given above be "the truth, and the *whole* truth." It undoubtedly proved great disinterestedness on the one part, but also proved greater selfishness on the other. Was not the "poor young man" willing to marry the beautiful girl, without the other's fortune? If so, he did not deserve her hand; and it was not right to give him a cent to bribe him. If it is urged he was too poor to marry, we say that such an excuse, in this country, is fudge. Again, the wealthy young man in making his rival wealthy, ran a fair chance of proving the truth of the old adage about "putting a beggar on horseback"—why not have given him enough to commence business with, only? In fact, if the wealthy young man did act as is described, he may have proved himself entirely devoid of selfishness, but we think he also showed a marvellous want of good sense; and, on the whole, we do not consider he is at all to be commended.

BENEFICIAL SOCIETIES.

A case was decided last week in Baltimore, of considerable importance to all beneficial societies, though the Odd Fellows were the party specially interested.

The case was a claim on the part of a member of an Odd Fellow's Lodge, to $12, for three weeks alleged sickness; the Lodge having refused him the money, believing that he had not been sick even for a week, he instituted a suit against it before a magistrate, and recovered the money, from which decision the Lodge appealed. Upon the case coming up before Judge Purviance, the appellants took the ground that by the laws and usages of their Order, a member conceiving himself aggrieved by a decision of the Lodge to which he was attached, must appeal to the Grand Lodge of Maryland. The usage in conformity with this article was proved by Mr. James L. Ridgley and others. During the progress of the trial, objection was made to the admission of the testimony of members of the Lodge as evidence; but these objections were overruled.

The case was held under advisement by the Court, a day or two, and on Wednesday week, Judge Purviance gave the following written opinion —

"The Court reverses the judgment of the magistrate in this case, for the want of jurisdiction over the subject matter in controversy, the same having been previously decided by a competent tribunal, acting according to provisions of the charter of incorporation, its by laws and usages, and the decision so made is conclusive upon all the parties until it be reversed on an appeal to the Grand Lodge of Maryland, which is the superior tribunal in this matter."

LOVE TOKENS.

A very important case to "*lawyers*" has recently been decided in one of the Massachusetts Courts. An unfortunate swain, having been unsuccessful in his efforts to ensnare the affections of a Yankee girl, brought an action at law for the recovery of a ring, valued at two dollars and fifty cents, lawful currency, which he had used in his efforts to take captive the stubborn heart of the fair one of his choice, and which she had borne triumphantly off with her when she broke from his toils. But the Court, after grave deliberation upon this important point, (or rather, *circle*) gave its verdict in favor of the lady. Such a decision will undoubtedly afford much satisfaction to the daughters of Eve generally.

A CORRECTION.

A friend of Mr. McMahin asserts that we have done him great injustice in our article last week in relation to the suit between him and the estate of *Mr. Holden.* He says that the opinion of Judge King in the matter, is opposed to that of Judge Parsons, &c.

We have no wish to do any man injustice—and if all the circumstances relative to this matter have not yet transpired, we are willing to recall our judgment as premature.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

Judge Reed of the Supreme Court of Ohio, has decided that there can be no custom at a river port which can substitute a delivery of goods at a wharf by a boat for actual communication with the consignee. In such a case, the boat must stand all loss or damage.

GREY HAIR.

Grey hair is said to be all the rage now in Paris. We wonder if this is not the result of the recent discovery as to the fatal consequences of eating hair-dye. They found it was hair-dye, sure enough.

THE POISONING CASE.

We published some weeks ago, an account which seemed to be almost too horrible to be true, of a large number of persons being poisoned at a wedding, in Shelby County, Texas. Later accounts, however, have confirmed the truth of the original statement, and exhibit a degree of human depravity scarcely exceeded in the annals of crime. Fifteen persons are already dead, and some eight or ten are expected to die daily. A man by the name of Wilkinson, who we believe is the father of the bride, was the murderer. The poison was arsenic. A correspondent of the New Orleans Delta says:—

It appears that old Wilkinson was a man of bad character—a notorious hog thief—and Morris, the groom, had been twice whipped in Mississippi for negro stealing. Wilkinson was accused of stealing the hogs of Spot Sanders, and you will perceive, from what follows, how he revenged himself. He sent to the house of Sanders, who lives two or three miles from him, and was not at the time friendly, a half of a shoat, one turkey, three chickens, some chicken pie, butter, pound cake, &c., enough to last the family a week all *poisoned*, even to the butter which was elegantly moulded. The family ate of it—Mrs. Sanders, three children, and a negro boy, are dead—the other and only child left, was dying when I was at our friend Kerr's. Mr. Sanders and seven negroes are yet sick—some it is thought, will die. Poor Mrs. Sanders did not know that her children were dead or dying, and told her husband to rear them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. She requested, when dying, that her negroes should come and bid her farewell—they could not, being poisoned. Mr. Sanders' mother, an old lady of seventy, was a victim also. Allen Maley lent a negro man—the man's wife was one of the servants at the wedding, and took him a piece of the pound-cake; he ate two mouths full, and not liking the taste of it, ate no more—yet that killed him. An old lady, by the name of Edens, made the cakes, and she was poisoned, together with her son and a negro girl. The girl is dead, and her son not expected to recover. The butter that was left at Sanders' was thrown out, and some fowls ate of it and died in a few minutes. Allen Haley and his mother were the only persons at the wedding not poisoned. They came late, after the guests were served, and ate with the family, partaking of the same food they did—even to the *cake.* Old Wilkinson insisted on cutting a fresh cake for them, but they refused to partake of it, and escaped death by their refusal.

The lady that made the cakes, Mrs. Edens, went on the morning of the wedding day to look at the cakes, in the smoke house, where she had put them, and found that the covering she had put on the top of them was removed from all the cakes but *one*, which was covered with a custard pie—they looked dark and discolored, and she took some loaf sugar which she grated and put over them, thinking this difficulty by sitting down outside the house, and placing his books, charts, &c., in the garret window.

CONSUMPTION.

A London paper says that the Registration Returns prove that 120,000 people in England and Wales are always slowly dying from consumption; that there is double the amount of this disease among London than there is among out door laborers; that this disease is more frequent among women than among men; and that in 1839, out of 33 milliners who died in London, 28 died of consumption.

Between consumption and want of *consumption*, the British nation appears to be badly off. The latter is, however, to a great degree, the cause of the former. Milliners would not die of close rooms and constant use of the needle, at the rate of 28 out of 33, if food could be obtained in any other way. But England is now reaping the bitter fruits of false and selfish principles. A man may say "I am not my brother's keeper," but the end will prove that he had better, even for his own comfort and safety, and as a mere matter of expediency, not neglected the claims of brotherhood. Selfishness is not even good policy. God has so made the world that everything that is honest, noble, truthful, benevolent, and of good report, is rewarded at last. More especially is this true of nations, for as they, in one sense, have no future existence, their deserts must inevitably be awarded to them in this present world.

CHURCHES AND MEMBERS.

Cist's Advertiser, in referring to the cry of persecution which has been raised by the friends of a certain noted Methodist clergyman, uses the following very sensible language —

"Let me make a remark once for all, the fruit of long and close observation, that such a thing as a religious society persecuting one *of its members* is *perfectly* ridiculous. A church always overlooks and excuses defects and misconduct in its members, as long as it possibly can, and generally much longer than it ought."

Without any reference to the particular connection in which the above paragraph appears we feel no hesitation in saying that as a general truth, it is beyond all contradiction. Instance after instance has occurred, where sects have been blinded by a foolish partiality, to the true character of certain leading members, and ministers particularly, long after the connection of such individuals with the church had been a stigma upon it in the eyes of the world.

PUFFS AT TOBACCO.

The General Conventions of the Baptists and Presbyterians in Cincinnati, have had several practical lessons given them against the use of what is appropriately called "the weed." It was some time before the latter could obtain a Church to meet in—so fearful were the congregations of their leaving a broad trail behind them, which even water would not wash out. While the Baptist Convention, being invited by Prof. Mitchell to visit the Observatory, were especially enjoined to "leave their tobacco at the foot of the hill." Putting aside all other objections to the use of this article, we would most respectfully suggest that it does not become members of the peaceable clerical profession to have so much to do with "old soldiers."

CHICAGO CONVENTION.

The State of Massachusetts has appointed a very large and respectable delegation to attend the Convention on the subject of improving the navigation of the Western waters, to be held in Chicago next month. It is suggested that a delegation should also attend from Pennsylvania. The interests of the whole Union are concerned in this subject.

FANNY WRIGHT.

We see it stated that the celebrated Frances Wright Darusmont was, at late dates, lecturing in London; her subject, "The Mission of England considered with reference to the civilizational History of Modern Europe, and denouncement of the Drill system of the hour. *Admission, two pence.*"

BECOMING ALARMED.

A writer in the Iowa supplement of the Rochester locker, who is probably some very quaint and timid old bachelor, is becoming very seriously alarmed at the increase of population on the earth. He says:

"Allow us to put the question—What is to become of the world, if it goes on, ten in the days of Noe, marrying and giving in marriage, for two hundred years to come? For, according to publish-ed statistics, the population of the United States, since 1790, has doubled in 21 years; the British Islands, in 40½ years; Prussia, double in less of over 2,000,000 by wars, &c., in 15 years; the German States, over 50 years; Russia, about 35 years. Average, less than 40 years.

"Therefore, if the present organization of society, and the advances of arts and civilization, serve to increase the means of subsistence, of course population will increase in at least a corresponding ratio, and double in less time.

"It is estimated that there are at this time 1,000,000,000 of people on the globe; which, if doubled only five times in 200 years, will make the number of 32,000,000,000. So if the whole surface of the earth, including rivers, lakes, swamps, and deserts, contains but 50,000,000 of square miles, or 32,000,000,000 of acres, there will then be less than one acre of land for each individual!

"We ask, 'What is to become of the world?' And without seeking for '*recruits*,' what will you do with *supernumeraries*?"

We opine that the above is one of those questions to which the Scripture answer may be properly applied, "Trouble not yourselves for to-morrow; let to-morrow take care of the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." For our part we are satisfied that the Creator never placed human beings upon this earth to starve, even if they do obey the command to increase and multiply. Philosophers have mystified themselves doubtless from the earliest ages, with just such calculations as the above; but there never has been the time yet when the earth was not able to bring forth abundantly for its inhabitants. If ever such a period does arrive, and the great shoe of the world begins to pinch, if no other way opens, we suppose we shall all have to turn Shakers. But we think it much more probable that we shall be able to build a bridge to the moon, or annex some unpeopled planet, by that time, than that the society of Shakers will ever receive such a large addition of unwilling members.

NEW YORK FOPPERY.

At the complimentary dinner given in New York on the 10th inst., to the Hon. Henry Wheaton, the bill of fare was printed in *French*. As a natural consequence, nine-tenths of those present not understanding that language, great embarrassment ensued, the people not knowing what to call for. Here is a specimen of the bill of fare:

Croustade, garnie de Riz, a la St. Cloud.
Grenadin de Filet de Volaille, en Turban.
Bouchee a la Reine, aux Huitres.
Chautreuses de Pluvier, farcie.
Chaud Froid de Volaille, Gelee Panachee.
Aspic de Corvelle, au Belle Vue.
Mayonnaise de Supreme de Volaille.
Pains de Foie Gras, Croutonnee, a la Gelee.

If Mr. Wheaton had been an eminent Frenchman, there would have been more sense in such a proceeding, as it might have been construed into a delicate compliment to his nation, as being famous above all others in the world in matters of *taste*; but, as it was, it was a most foolish and absurd display of Anti-American affectation and foppery. Dr. Johnson once said that he would not give an opponent the advantage of a stump or a loud word in an argument; and, in like manner, we would have Americans act as if they were not ashamed of their country, even in doing so trifling a thing as getting up a public dinner.

Editorial Varieties.

MEXICAN CAPTIVES.

The following is an extract from a letter to the New Orleans Delta, from an officer of Gen. Taylor's army

I closed my last in haste, as I was ordered on a scout, and a pleasant one it was. I was sent to a rancho, "Le Punta," 25 or 40 miles from here, to bring in a quantity of sugar captured by the Rangers the day before. We reached the plunder before daylight, and I pushed on to the rancho, leaving 10 or 12 men to guard and load the wagons. The Mexicans, on discovering my little party, fled to the roof of their Castle and prepared to defend themselves. After some time, I brought them to a parley, and found that they had mistaken me and my boys for Camanche Indians. After a laugh and a drink of cool cow's milk, we started for the wagons, but on the way met two men who informed me that the wagons had been seized by 500 Mexican lancers, and that our retreat was cut off. I remembered the story of the three black crows, which dwindled down to something as black as a crow, and soon found that the 500 Mexicans were only 47 innocent Camanches, who had been levying "black mail" in the neighborhood, and as usual—

"The wealthy they slaughtered, the lowly they spared."

They had killed every Mexican man they met with, and had with them nine or ten very beautiful young Mexican girls as prisoners. The boys wished me to attempt a rescue; but we are at peace with them, and there's a bargain—"Let me alone, and I'll let you alone." Besides, a young Mexican lady at Guerrera assured me she'd prefer a Camanche for a husband to a Mexican, and an American to either, or both that expression, I fear, cost a noble fellow his life.

This last sentence is rather indefinite. We judge, however, that it means the lady's words cost some young American his life, through Mexican jealousy.

SLAVE LABOR.

A correspondent of the Inquirer, writing from Richmond, Va., gives the following information relative to the employment of slaves in the tobacco factories at that place. It is interesting as bearing upon the disputed question as to the practicability of employing slave labor in any kind of manufacturing:—

The tobacco crop of the State last year amounted to about forty thousand hogsheads, a very considerable part of which was inspected at this place. There are numerous tobacco factories here; in these the operatives are chiefly slaves; they work industriously and have acquired considerable skill in handling the Virginia weed, and are not unskillful in using it. I visited one of these factories in which upwards of two hundred hands are employed. They were the most neatly attired and best looking company of blacks I had ever seen together. They have a daily or weekly task assigned them, and all they can earn beyond is their own. One industrious fellow had a handsome gold watch, the purchase of his extra earnings, hanging up before him as he sweat over his work; he smiled with great satisfaction at the notice which was taken of it by the visitors. The more diligent of them earn a considerable amount for themselves on the course of the year. I inquired if they sang while at their work; to which an affirmative reply was given. When asked to sing, they struck up a piece of sacred music, and made the establishment ring with the most delightful strains.

A GREAT RACE.

De Meyer, the celebrated Lion Pianist, was recently left by the New York cars at Trenton, where the train stops for a few minutes. The North American thus describes the scene that ensued —

Musicians—although their organs of locality are very strong—generally know nothing of relative distances, and the great pianist, accustomed as he is to leap immense intervals, imagined that it would require but an effort to come up with his slippery friend the locomotive. He accordingly gave chase with double De Meyer speed—commencing an *allegro* grace movement, with a *tempo accelerando*, until he found himself in full *galope, a la Marche Macabre.* The people shouted, De Meyer puffed and panted—the locomotive put its finger to its nose and yelled with delight—and so continued the chase at our latest advices, with both running high that the Lion King would fag the locomotive and come out ahead. We shall watch the result with the keenest interest.

AN INVISIBLE LAKE.

The Springfield, Ohio, Republican has the following notice of a portion of country over which it was designed to extend a rail-road:

"Between Bellefontaine and West Liberty, the road ran on a small prairie, which is evidently a lake, over the surface of which a heavy sod has grown. The road was graded and contractors were about to deliver it as finished, when suddenly it disappeared, and twelve feet water was found in its place. Thirty years ago the grass was cut on this prairie, and hauled off in a heavy wagon. It is supposed that there is a subterranean communication between it and the neighboring lakes. The road will probably have to be carried around the prairie."

A question may arise now as to which party ought to suffer the loss, the contractors or the Rail-road Company. Our readers may discuss it at their leisure.

SUGAR.

The London Distillers and Brewers are using large quantities of sugar in place of barley, &c. A case is mentioned where one distiller uses at the rate of *twenty tons* of sugar per week, and with great advantage both as to quality and economy. What a pity that no nutritious and excellent an article of consumption as sugar, should be turned into poison to injure men. Ah, all "was created good, but man has sought out many inventions."

TOBACCO CANDY.

Tobacco candy, Tobacco Candy! We mean just what we say, though we never imagined the existence of such a commodity, till we saw an account the other day which stated that a "vastly superior" article of that kind was made in North Carolina. The account says:

It is made from the boiled extract of tobacco stems. It is very dark in color, of course, of a bitter sweet taste, inferior in point of pleasantness to hoarhound. We were not before aware that tobacco had so much saccharine about it; this candy, however, exhibits it in a very high degree. Tobacco possesses many valuable and medicinal qualities, and this method of preparing it may render it a very efficient and agreeable remedial agent.

"Inferior in point of pleasantness to hoarhound." We should think so—it might be superior, and then, to our notion, not be remarkably good. Still that anything even resembling candy can come from the tobacco plant, is to us news indeed. In truth we had delivered tobacco over to the medications of the fairer part of creation, (who know its virtues only as displayed darkly on fleece and wulla,) long ago—but it seems even tobacco has its virtues; proving the truth of the maxim, that there is nothing so bad but what good may come out of it.

NEW MEXICO.

The following rather singular articles are found in the "Organic Law of the Territory of New Mexico," promulgated by Gen. Kearney:—

"*Article* 1. The country heretofore known as New Mexico, shall be known and hereafter designated as the territory of New Mexico in the United States of America; and the temporary Government of said Territory shall be organized and administered in the manner hereinafter prescribed."

"All free male citizens of the Territory of New Mexico who then are, and for three months preceding the election, shall have been residents of the county or district in which they shall appear to vote, shall be entitled to vote *for a delegate to the Congress of the United States,*" &c.

It would be rather amusing if, under the last clause, the inhabitants should meet next August, the time appointed by the law, and send up a full blooded Mexican, for admission into the American Congress. We question whether that respectable body would feel inclined to receive him, and whether they would not feel disposed to institute an examination into General Kearney's conduct.

CALCULATING THE VALUE OF THE UNION.

"Calculating the value of the Union," is considered, in America, something only short of treason; and in England, it is probably avoided by all loyal Englishmen with the same abhorrence. But Douglas Jerrold, that rank radical, boldly ventures upon this delicate subject, in its English application, in the following article:—

HOUSE-ROOM FOR THE CROWN.—On Monday night, what an affecting picture did Lord Russell draw of her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, with her children at nurse in Windsor; a reparation impossible, unless Mr. Bass lend another £1,000,000 (£750,000) "to erect an additional front to the palace." These £150,000 are called for to accommodate five children. Now if the "domestic happiness," so prettily phrased by the Morning Post, requires £150,000 to prevent, how much more should the "domestic happiness" be trebled in its amount, the cost would proportionately rise. Thus —for five children £150,000, for fifteen, £450,000. We trust that Mr. Hume will consider this.

NEW EMIGRATION LAW.

The New York Sun gives the following synopsis of the law recently passed in that state in respect to emigrants:

Every captain of a vessel arriving from abroad or any other State, must within two hours, report under oath, the names of every person or passenger, with the birth-place and description of each, whose destination is New York. The captain or owner of every vessel must pay into the City Treasury one dollar for every passenger not likely to become a public charge—for all effected or inform a good bond must be given in the sum of $300 for each, to indemnify any city, town or county, in the State, on which they may become chargeable for five years. The "Commissioners of Emigrants" can, by that title, sue and be sued. A penalty of $75 for every passenger omitted to be reported, is to be imposed upon the captain and owners, and a penalty of $300 for every passenger, if the commutation money and bonds required are not paid and executed within three days after arrival, the vessel, the officer as captain and owners, to be held in both cases for the amount.

BALTIMORE RAILROAD.

The Board of Directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, have adopted the two following resolutions —

1st. That the road should now be extended West, under the Maryland charter, for fifty five miles to the State line and near the Cheat River—pursuing the route of the Potomac and Savage rivers.

2d. That under the authority granted by the City Council, a track of the road be laid to the south side of the Basin.

We understand that the point to which it is proposed to extend the road will take it near Cheat River, where it will be in reach of the great North-Western Turnpike of Virginia to Parkersburg, and by the contemplated improvements of Cheat River, will place it in connection with the Monongahela improvements—and will, it is believed, enable it to be further extended to any point on the Ohio open to it, and to which it may be deemed advisable to go.

THE CAVE.

We take the following description of the cavern recently discovered in Montgomery county, in this state, from a letter to the editor of the U. S. Gazette —

The cave is entered by a narrow opening, leading into a large hall, some thirty feet wide, thirty feet in height, and sixty feet in length. At the far end of this hall, a splendid rotunda is formed, arched with a clear and smooth surface of limestone, in a conical shape to the height of about sixty feet. This beautiful arch rests upon a strata of rock, splendidly variegated, and forming a fine border all the way round. Our party being one *in exploration*, we determined upon seeing the cave as far as possible. Accordingly, procuring implements, we crawled about thirty five or forty feet, through low arches and mossy crevices, and our toil and labor was amply repaid by the discovery of, perhaps, the most magnificent natural chamber I ever saw. It is about forty feet in circumference, perfectly round, and receding precisely as the rotunda at Washington.

A NOBLE DEATH.

Mayor Law, a distinguished citizen of Baltimore, died recently from a fever caught by attending to the unfortunate foreigners whose poverty and sickness commended them to his humane exertions.

It is the faith of the Mahometans, that he who dies on the battle field, contending for his country and religion, finds a sure footing over the bridge El Sirat, whose width is a hair, which leads into Paradise. And we can scarcely avoid cherishing a similar belief, that he who encounters death in his efforts to minister to the wants of the suffering and the afflicted, is caught up as it were by the hands of angels, immediately into heaven.

THE SHIP FEVER.

The Medical Faculty of Baltimore have come to the conclusion that the ship fever introduced by immigrants, is evidently the malady described by British medical writers as *typhus fever*, and that in its symptoms, the therapeutic treatment which it requires, &c., it differs in a marked degree from what is known among us as *typhus fever.* They are of opinion that the fever is communicated by transmission from one person to another.

TRIP TO NIAGARA.

We see the cost of a trip to Niagara Falls from Philadelphia, estimated at fifty dollars. The fare from here to New York is $4; New York to Albany, say $1,50; Albany to Utica, $3,50; to Syracuse, $2; to Rochester $4; Buffalo $2; Buffalo to the Falls, $1,25. Thus, the cost in all of transit there, is $18,25! To this you may add two dollars per day for board and lodging from the day you leave home until you return.

A NEW COUNTERFEIT.

We see it stated that a new counterfeit $5 note on the Bank of Cincinnati, Ohio, has recently been issued in Pittsburg, which is said to be nearly a perfect imitation of the genuine, and has already deceived good judges. While the notes are new, they may be detected by a small blur on the right side of the head of Lafayette; but when they become a little worn, this will be but a poor test.

OLLA PODRIDA.

This is the name of a humorous sheet recently issued in Pottsville, in this State. It purports to be a lineal descendant of "Judy," who died not long since in New York. We are sorry for it, for "Judy" was short lived. It is very difficult for the humorous race to last long, they seem to fairly tickle themselves to death in a few months. May Olla Podrida prove an exception.

GREAT SPEED.

A copy of the New York Journal of Commerce reached Vera Cruz twelve days after publication, which is thought the quickest transit on record between the two points. It was conveyed from this city by the steamship New Orleans.

A REPLY.

The editor of "The Literary Journal," published at Washington, Indiana, says, after requesting us to send him a missing number:

"Some person on the road must be exceedingly fond of reading the Post, or we lose more numbers of this paper than any other, notwithstanding its well known punctuality."

We are glad to see that the "Journal" lays the blame to its proper source, for we are as careful as possible in the mailing of our paper. As to the Journal's losing some numbers of the Post then of any other paper, it seems to confirm the opinion that "a rogue is not necessarily a fool."

THE HUTCHINSONS.

The Boston Traveller learns from a gentleman from New Hampshire, that an accident happened to two members of this family of singers, on Sunday last, as they were riding in the vicinity of their residence, in Milford, N. H. The carriage was upset, and Miss Hutchinson and the wife of one of the brothers were injured. The injury of the latter is said to be serious.

LOST CHILDREN.

Mr Sawyer, of Ohio, late member of Congress, and one of his neighbors, have lost their sons, aged about 12 years. The little fellows had been out, at last dates, five days and still no tidings of them. Upwards of 100 persons were scouring the country for them. That the children may be recovered unhurt, is the involuntary prayer that rises in every parent's heart.

THE PRESIDENT COMING.

The U. S. Gazette of last Tuesday, June 25th, says:

We understand from undoubted authorities that the President of the United States will positively leave Washington, on his Northern tour, on next Friday week.

Religious News.

THE CHURCH AND THE WAR.

The General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church have taken up the subject of the war with Mexico. The following is its action upon it:

A preamble and resolution were offered by Rev. W. H Van Doran, in relation to the war in Mexico, to the purport that it is incumbent on the ministers of the Church to offer up incessant prayer to God to restore peace to the country. The design of the Rev. gentleman in offering the resolution was that this body might offer a solemn protest against so unrighteous a war.

Another gentleman was opposed to denouncing the war as unrighteous.

Rev. Dr. Knox thought the resolution was worded so that it would not offend any political party; and as it had been introduced, he would have it adopted as the sense of the Synod.

Rev. Dr. Hardenburgh thought the wording of the resolution was unexceptionable, but he could not go further than already had been uttered. He did not wish in their prayers to tell Almighty God that it was an unrighteous war. He should therefore move the indefinite postponement of the resolution, which was carried.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Old School Presbyterian Assembly at its recent session in Richmond:

Resolved, That in view of the present posture of our National affairs, the continuance of the war, and its dreadful results, be it earnestly recommended to all our Churches to humble themselves before Almighty God, with confession of their own sins and the sins of the people, and to engage in fervent and continued prayer—that an individual and a nation we may be forgiven; that there may be a speedy, righteous and amicable adjustment of all existing difficulties with other nations; and that we may be permitted to enjoy, without interruption, the blessings of peace.

Resolved, That all pastors and all others preaching steadily, be requested to bring this subject before the several Churches in which they minister, on the second Sabbath in June, or as soon after as it may be convenient, and urge upon the people the duty pointed out in the foregoing resolution.

New Publications.

LIFE OF GENERAL TAYLOR. *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.* If the publishers go on as they have begun, General Taylor before long will have as many lives as a cat—or, as he has likenesses. The present volume contains a full length representation of a very long bodied duck legged old gentleman, beneath which the publishers, being men of some conscience, have put merely the words "Rough and Ready"—implying, of course, that it is simply a fancy sketch. But, judged merely as a work of the imagination we think the title page, for though the engraving is undoubtedly rough, it is evident that such a short legged old gentleman could not be very *ready*, except by a species of miracle. If the engraving in question, however, was really intended for a picture of Gen. Taylor, certain others that we notice through the work, must be of persons "very like him," for the "Old Rough and Ready" *Hunger.* Or, perhaps, the artist means to denote the very active life the old General has led, by gradually shortening his legs as he is increased in years,—showing, in fact, that he has literally "worn his very legs off" in the service of his country. But we have occupied so much space in noticing the "*embellishments*" in the work that we have but little left for the work itself. We may say, however, in brief, that the style strikes us very favorably as contrasted with the various other lives we have seen, that the type is clear and the paper good, and that we judge the author is a man of sense by the closing paragraph of the preface, in which he expresses the fear that the work may so

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by *James R. Smith, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, and Frederick J. Hawes.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES is our Travelling Agent for the Southern and South-Western States assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, Theodore F. Blake, T. S. Waterman, Reuben A. Henry, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer and John W. Wightman*, the two last named in place of S. B. Hussey, deceased.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

Local Intelligence.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE PRESERVER.

A discovery has been made in this city, by which at a very trifling cost, all kinds of food, subject to decay, can be preserved, so as to retain their original flavor, from six to twelve months. We take the following description of it from the United States Gazette:—

The invention bears the title of "Kephart's Patent Fruit and Vegetable Preserver," and Messrs. Flack, Thompson & Bro., of this city, are the owners, and are prepared to dispose of the patent rights for the different States, counties, or cities of the United States.

Messrs. F. T. & Bro. have an establishment of this kind on the Schuylkill, above Coates's street wharf, capable of preserving from six to seven thousand bushels of fruit. They have had it in operation for about twelve months, and in that time have tried numerous experiments with almost every article of food, and have not failed in preserving them from decay in any single instance.

We visited the "Preserver" last week, in company with Mr. Thompson, and were highly gratified with the arrangements and simplicity of the invention. Ice sufficient to last for a year, is deposited in an ice-house, *above* the fruit room, in the winter season, when it can be procured and stored at a cost of about one hundred dollars. This is the only expense attending the conducting of this business for a whole year. The fruit room, which is under ground, is protected from the effects of the atmosphere and dampness, by being completely lined with a box containing a nonconductor, charcoal, sawdust or any other cheap article possessing the properties of excluding heat. Between this room and the ice-house is a floor of zinc, which, while it permits the atmosphere below to be chilled by the effects of the ice, prevents the passage of any water into the room. The water is carried off in drains under the house, and passed down between the wall and the lining of the store-room. The temperature of the store-room is always thirty-four degrees, and to this even temperature the whole effect upon the articles deposited is owing.

Mr. Thompson informed us that eggs and butter would keep in a perfect state of preservation in this temperature for six months. We saw apples there, of a kind which seldom keep longer than a week or two, which had been taken from the orchard last fall, and now retain all the crispness, flavor, and juice, which they had when plucked from the tree. This we can testify to from personal trial of the same.

Oranges, lemons, potatoes, flowers, and several other articles were shown to us, which exhibited the same effects, and we came away, satisfied that the Patent Preserver was all it was represented to be, and was destined to work a great change in the eating department for the winter season.

This is a most excellent opening for a good business for any one disposed to enter into it, and one which, properly conducted, must meet with success. There is no difficulty in learning—the article to be preserved has only to be deposited in the store in its original package; no change being necessary, the atmosphere does all the labor, and the article, when wanted, has only to be taken out as from a regular store house.

To those persons who give, and go to, parties, &c., in the proper season, this discovery will certainly be a great one; and no doubt next winter, we will see tables graced with watermelons, Seckle pears, peaches, and all the choice summer fruits, the preservers of which, of course, must meet with the lucrative reward which their success deserves.

SCHOOL FOR SCHEMING.

The above is the title of a new Drama which has recently been introduced at Peale's Museum. We think very highly of it. The moral of the play is expressed in the following short quotation from it:—"There's but one honest road to fortune, that is the long highway of labor—your short cuts to wealth are all over Swindle Common."

The following extract also, contains a truth, which it is well to display before the fashionable society of a great city:—

"Who can recognize happiness from pleasure when they are apart?"

"Any one—if your joy draws on your purse or on your person; if it be loud and riotous, and seeks to aim at admiration and envy; if it dwell in gilded rooms, and lives by night; if it must be sought, and seems to elude you like a shadow! be you are its slave and not its master, then it is pleasure; but if you meet it at the fireside, a cheap friend, who is ever quick to lend but never borrows; if it shun the world's gaze to sit and interpret between two hearts; if it be mute, and seem to seek you in every smile you meet; if it be at your beck, and is unwearied and unwearying as a mother's love—then, believe me, it is happiness."

THE VIENNOISE DANCERS.

We stepped in to see this famous company of little dancers, for the first time, one evening last week; and we are free to acknowledge that we were rather disappointed. They by no means came up to the idea which we had been led to form of them by the encomiums of certain of the Boston papers. Forty-eight children, not remarkably good looking any of them, but dressed prettily and with an eye to effect, admirably trained to move together with perfect regularity and harmony, are however, a very pretty sight, and well worth seeing. But the enthusiasm manifested in Boston, and to some extent in New York, on their account, was simply ridiculous. In this city, where theatrical as well as other merit is perhaps more calmly and fairly judged than in any other, the Viennoise Dancers have received their just meed of applause and nothing more.

BREAD.

Bread is said to be as dear in this city as in London. Our bakers first reduced the size of the loaves week after week, until they were ashamed to make them any smaller, and then held a meeting and raised the prices. The bakers must not presume too much upon their being accustomed to beat, but "do as they would be done by." Bread of right ought to be sold by the pound, and it is time a law was passed regulating this matter.

LARGE FEE.

In the case of Gen. Leslie Coombs *vs* the Bank of Kentucky, the jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiff of $14,500. Our readers will remember that this was an action for the value of legal services rendered the defendants in their suit against the Schuylkill Bank. Gen. Coombs must have rendered very valuable service to entitle him to a Fee of that amount.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—In our Criminal Court, on last Saturday, Andrew Jackson McKean was sentenced to three years in the Eastern Penitentiary for robbing the clothing store of Granville Stokes, in Market street. Andrew Jackson, colored, was also sent to the Penitentiary for two years, for receiving stolen goods.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city were 148—62 adults and 86 children.

Items of News.

STATE SECRETS.—A letter from Washington, of June 8th, states that there was quite an excitement in the State Department, on account of recent revelations that should have been kept under the strictest seal of confidence. We opine the allusion is to the sudden determination to send the Princeton in search of pirates to the Mediterranean.—*Baltimore Sun.*

COMPLIMENTARY.—Our countryman, Mr. Catlin, has received an order from Louis Philippe, to paint twenty-five large paintings for Versailles, from the designs he submitted to him of the travels of La Salle on the Mississippi, St. Lawrence, and the great lakes of North America.

HOGS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Genessee Farmer says that "the *hog crop* in the United States, this past year, is three times the worth of the cotton crop. The 'standing army' of swine consumes annually two hundred millions of bushels of corn."

RELIEF FOR IRELAND.—The ladies at Wetumka, Ala., held a fair for the poor of Ireland, and collected $564.

AN IMPROVEMENT.—The Capitol, at Washington, has been undergoing some improvements of late. A gas lantern, invented by Mr. Crutchett, six feet in diameter and six feet high, fitted with superior silver plate glass reflectors, and surmounted with a golden metal ball, is to be placed on a mast, one hundred feet high, on the top of the dome. It is thought that the light will produce a fine effect.

THE RECEPTION OF THE TENNESSEE VOLUNTEERS.—The First Tennessee Volunteers returned to Nashville last week. All business was suspended during the reception, and the people turned out *en masse*, and escorted them from the boat to the market-house.

THE TREDEGAR HANDS.—The men in these works, at Richmond, Virginia, have had a reconciliation with their employer, and gone to work again. The only cause of difficulty, it is said, was to working *side by side* with slaves.

LOSS OF LIFE.—A correspondent of the Montreal Herald gives particulars of the loss of three emigrant ships, bound for Quebec from England and Ireland, and states that several hundred human beings had found a watery grave.

ON A STRIKE.—The miners in the vicinity of Cumberland, Md., in the employ of the Mount Savage Company, have been on a strike for some days past, in consequence of not receiving their regular pay.

ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.—The Second Regiment of Volunteers, for which a requisition was made upon Illinois, on the 20th ultimo, is already full, and will be ready for the field in a few days.

SARCASTIC.—The editor of the Illinois Herald requests the publisher of "Yankee Doodle" to write "religious paper" on the outside of the wrapper, to keep the P. M's. from stealing it.

A CONTRACT FOR THE NAVY.—The Virginia woollen and cotton factory of Richmond, has obtained the contract for supplying the navy with flannels for two years.

ASSAULTING A CLERGYMAN.—Ferdinand Vennett was compelled to pay one thousand and fifty dollars at St. Louis, for an assault on John H. Linn, an Episcopal clergyman.

EARLY IN THE FIELD.—The Augusta (Geo.) Sentinel acknowledges the receipt of a very fine specimen of rolls and biscuit made from wheat *grown this year.*

CROPS IN TENNESSEE.—We learn from the Nashville Courier, that since the recent rains, the crops of grain and cotton in that State look very promising.

The World Abroad.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

MARRIAGE LAWS.—Mr. Stuart Wortley moved, May, 14, for a Commission to inquire into the operation of the marriage laws in England and her colonies, as relating to the prohibited degrees of affinity, which was ordered. He stated, that from recent investigations it had been found, that 1,501 marriages had been contracted with the sisters of deceased wives, including the cases of 5 mayors, 70 magistrates, and 30 clergymen. Foster estimated 6,000 such marriages as contracted since 1845 affecting 30,000, including children. Men of the highest family and station went abroad to be married, because the laws were different. Sir R. Inglis argued, that as two brothers could not, under the Levitical law, marry one woman, the inference was that two sisters could not marry one man.

ENGLAND AND THE POPE.—On a question for introducing into the House of Commons a bill to allow or advise her Majesty to send an ambassador to Rome, Lord John Russell thought it then inexpedient, but said, "I have seen, with very great pleasure, the course which the present Pope has pursued,—(cheers from both sides of the House)—and I think it will tend much to increase the happiness of the people of Italy. I have no hesitation in saying that I think it would be desirable that these more formal relations should be established,—(hear, hear.)—but the question is one in point of law and of policy: in point of law exceedingly intricate; and in point of policy one that is likely to excite considerable discussion."

IDLE WORKMEN.—The Manchester examiner states, with reference to the manufacturing districts, that 347 mills are going full time, 405 short time, and 95 closed. Of the workmen, 77,000 have constant employ, 84,000 get work a part of the week, and 24,000 are unemployed. There was no prospect of any immediate improvement.

BABY TRADE.—The baby trade has been opened in the London market. A paper in that city recently contained the following advertisement:

"*To Ladies Without Children and Others.*—A very promising and genteel little boy, five years old, and without parents, requires a permanent home, where he would be educated and brought up with kindness and motherly affection. Address, with particulars of family, &c., A. N., Post-Office, Great Russell street. Terms expected about £10 10s."

On this, the London Athenæum remarks

"So the baby trade is to be opened! and following the law of competition, we may look shortly to read of 'very promising little boys' purchasable at *five* pounds, girls for less, and twins—like 'family tickets'—on a reduced scale of prices."

NOVEL DISTRESS.—Silver is not a legal tender in England, and the Barings could not some time ago raise money upon silver bullion to the amount of £60,000; and neither Barings nor Rothschild could get paper, with their endorsement, discounted by the Bank!

TRADE IN HUMAN TEETH.—The English have discovered a new object for importation. The natives of Australia have magnificent teeth, which they are willing to part with for mere trifles, as handkerchiefs, knives, or other things of like value. An English merchant in Australia has entered largely into this speculation, having sent several boxes of human teeth to London, where they have been eagerly bought up by the dentists.

FARMING BY STEAM.—The leading article of the London Agricultural Gazette, May 8, is on the employment of steam in farming, to which the editors are favorable, considering it a more docile and less costly power than either man or horse. Every hundred acres of ploughing involves the passing over 1,000 linear miles, by 500 consumers of food. They calculate the saving by steam on *every ploughing* at $1 per acre, or $100,000,000 on as many acres.

DOGS IN FRANCE.—The French Chamber of Deputies has been warned by the symptoms of a famine in France, to inquire into the consumption of provisions by dogs. Every Frenchman who can support a dog keeps one, and it was developed by the inquiry that there are *two million four hundred thousand dogs in France*, and that each dog, on an average, *eats half a pound of bread per diem.* There will probably be a heavy tax on them.

FOOD RIOTS.—Matters in Germany appear to be in an unsettled state. "Horseflesh had been introduced as an article of food among the population with the best effect," and even royalty itself subjected to popular insult.

Letters from Stuttgard, of the the 4th of May, state that serious troubles occurred in that city on the previous evening. The people assembled before the shop of a rich baker, named Maier, who was designated as a forestaller. They broke the lamps in several streets, and constructed a barricade to the cries of "liberty and bread!"

The King mounted his horse, and accompanied by the Prince Royal, Prince Frederick, and his staff, went into the principle street in which 2,000 soldiers were collected. It was night, and there being no lamps the obscurity was complete. Stones were thrown at the group in which the King was, and insulting cries were, it is said, uttered against his Majesty. The troops, assaulted by stones, fired and carried the barricade by force. Three men of the lower classes were killed and several were wounded. Some soldiers were injured by stones, and Count Lippe, Governor of the town, was struck in the breast. More than fifty persons were arrested. About midnight the mob was dispersed and tranquility re-established, but some of the troops remained in the streets all night.

The Hanover Gazette, of May, states that since the 17th of April horse flesh has been introduced as an article of food among the population with the best effect; five thousand pounds had been already sold for consumption in the different towns of the kingdom.

Russia is able to supply England with large quantities of grain, especially rye. Wheat, at St. Petersburg and at Dantzic, is abundant; and on the 30th ult, the prices would have yielded a large profit in England, but, as in the case of our western canals, the navigation would open two weeks later than usual. Although France had imported 703,820 tons of grain, very serious food riots had occurred at Lille, Tournay, Brussels and Cambrai. The rioters at Lille cried, "Vive la Republique!" In Paris, also, there had been serious disorder.

SIGNS OF SCARCITY.—The Dukes of Bedford, Norfolk, Rutland and Grafton, the Marquis of Exeter, Earls Spencer, Fitzwilliam and Radnor, Lords Lyttleton, De Mauley, Brougham, Clinton, and others of the nobility, "deeply impressed with the distress" prevailing among their countrymen, have announced through the press their determination to stint their families, as far as possible, in the use of bread and flour, and they invite all to co operate.

IRELAND.—The Irish papers are filled with accounts of the mortality and distress produced in that country by the famine and disease. According to some calculations, the population has been already diminished to the extent of nearly one million, from deaths and emigration.

WANT IN BELGIUM.—It is not only the population of the cities which suffer severely. It is in the country that the misery rages with the greatest fierceness. I will cite only a single case. In the village of Bornheim, which is situated in the richest part of the province of Antwerp, thirty-two persons have died of want since the beginning of the year, and the communal administration has found itself reduced to the extremity of causing six horses to be slaughtered weekly, to find sufficient food by which to feed the poor.—*Belgium Correspondence of the London Economist.*

General News.

LIFE INSURANCE.

The New York Tribune says:—

"The Marquis Daligre, a man of a million of francs income, who recently died at Paris, aged 83, was by no means unknown in Wall street, where his death has been the cause of some commotion. Some eight or ten years ago he deposited in the New York Life Insurance, the Farmers' Trust, and Ohio Trust, something like a hundred thousand each, and took out a life annuity from which he annually realized $49,200. This sum he received in semi-annual payments. The conditions were that at his decease the whole original investments should become the property of the companies. By his decease they are relieved not only from the annual payment of a large sum, but have realized a large profit. The Farmers' Trust, after calculating interest, makes $25,000; New York Life and Trust $46,000, and other companies in proportion."

HANGING OF A SON FOR THE MURDER OF HIS MOTHER.—William H. Stepler, a young man 17 years of age, was executed in Greenupsburg, Kentucky, on the 5th inst., for the murder of his mother. Nearly five thousand persons assembled to witness the closing scene. The act for which he has suffered was committed some weeks since, as every one thought, by the boy's father. He was arrested, and would unquestionably have been hanged, if his son, to whom no suspicion whatever attached, had not voluntary come forward and released his father by declaring that he alone was the guilty person. The son was accordingly convicted on his own confession. He had always previously borne the character of an inoffensive boy. He was of a very weak mind—occasionally insane, it is said.

REVOLTING MURDER.—The Holly Springs (Tennessee) Gazette, of the 28th ultimo, says:—A worthy young man by the name of Carpenter was murdered on Saturday last, in the most shocking manner, by a slave whom he was attempting to chastise. Carpenter was literally chopped to pieces, receiving many heavy blows from the edge of an axe on the shoulders, back, and other parts of his person, any one of which would have produced death. The murderer was immediately apprehended.

IMPORTANT TO VOLUNTEERS.—Mr. Edwards, of the Pension Office, writes to Gen. Jones, of the U. S. army, that no soldier discharged before the expiration of his term of enlistment, on his own application, and for his special benefit, is entitled to land or scrip, under the 9th section of the act of the 11th of February, 1847. This is the opinion of the Secretary of war.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—A man was sentenced to the House of Correction in Springfield, by Judge Wells, on Thursday, for stealing a watch from the store of Jonathan Bangs. The same man was sent to the State Prison 16 years ago, for stealing the same watch, from the same nail, in the same store, belonging to the same man.—*Northampton Courier.*

TRICKS OF TRADE.—Linseed oil, recently imported in New York and Boston, from London and Hull, has been found to be largely adulterated with the oil of rosin, a very cheap article, and ruinous to the qualities of linseed oil when mixed with it. The oil of rosin has a pungent taste, like smoke or soot, which does not belong to linseed oil.

Clippings.

☞ "Is it not cruel," said Pasta, the actress, in a passion of tears, when her voice broke helplessly down in the height of her success in the part of Medea, "that with every other energy, bodily and mental, in full vigor, the failure of this mere thread of utterance should crush all the hopes and triumphs of my life!"

☞ Mr. Webster told the people of Savannah, in his speech there, that the Massachusetts people must continue to be, for their Southern friends, "*hewers of ice and coolers of water.*"

☞ Rev. H. Hastings Weld, the well known writer, has accepted a call to St. James's Church, Downington, Pa., and will remove there on the 15th of July.

☞ One day last week, upwards of 500 bushels of strawberries were offered for sale in the Cincinnati market, at prices ranging from five to ten cents a quart.

☞ The vote for a Free Academy or High School in New York, was about 22,000, out of which the majority in favor of it was over 15,000.

☞ Cut bushes that you wish to destroy in the summer and with a sharp instrument; they will bleed freely and die.—*Farmers' Gazette.*

☞ Some young Chinese recently brought to Massachusetts for their education, were surprised to find so few signs of population there!

☞ Grace Greenwood (Miss S. J. Clark) has been recently married, and is now Mrs. Baker, says the Newark Advertiser.

☞ Green Corn made its appearance in Charleston a few days since, and was sold at six and a quarter cents an ear.

☞ The State of Mississippi, it is said, is making an effort to remove from its escutcheon the stain of repudiation.

☞ The American Union is now composed of twenty-nine States. The number of delegates in Congress is 286.

☞ In 1804, only two hundred millions of human beings read the Bible—now six hundred millions read it.

☞ Mr. Calhoun's organ, the Charleston Mercury, has come out for General Taylor for the Presidency.

☞ The Homœopathists are holding a convention in Boston. A hundred of the disciples of Hahnemann attend it.

☞ Father Taylor, the sailor preacher of Boston, goes out to Ireland as a passenger in the Macedonian.

Varieties.

THE TWO BABOONS.—A "wag" entered a store in London, years ago, which had for its sign "*The Two Baboons*," and addressing himself to the proprietor, he said:

"I wish to see your partner."

"I have no partner, sir."

"I beg your pardon, sir, and hope you will excuse the mistake."

"Oh, there's no harm done; but what made you think there were two of us?"

"Your sign—'The Two Baboons.'"

☞ A man took off his coat to show a terrible wound he had received some years past. "Oh!" said he on not being able to find it, "I remember now, 'twas my brother Bill's arm."

☞ A bootmaker in Paris has taken out a patent for the right of using brass wire for sewing the soles, which does not admit either moisture or dust.

☞ There is a shop kept by an old maid in Southampton, England, in the window of which appear these words: "No reasonable offer refused."

☞ The way to rise in the world, it is said, is to get astride of a barrel of flour, and go *up with it.* No yeast is required.

☞ They have a female Daniel Lambert exhibiting in London, weighing nearly five hundred pounds!

☞ "It's hard but it's *fare*," as the coachman said when he charged passengers double price.

☞ A case of extraordinary longevity is reported on Long Island in the person of a man said to have been born in the 17th century, being now nigh one hundred and fifty years of age!

HO! HO! YOU'RE GETTING BALD, ARE YOU?

Well, that is a misfortune and not a crime; but to *remain bald*, when so fine an opportunity offers to restore your hair, by a faithful and liberal use of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, is but little short of crime. This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from scurf and dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off, cures those eruptive diseases which often appear on the head, and in a majority of cases produces a fine growth of new hair. It also gives the hair a rich and beautiful appearance, unequalled by any thing of the kind.

"IS THIS MEDICINE?"

We exclaimed the other day, on tasting some of Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. It certainly has none of the nauseous flavor, which one associates with the idea of physic. Children consider it quite a treat, and in taking it their palates are gratified and their health restored at the same time. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge not only destroys worms, but carries off the mucus in which they are imbedded, and effects a radical and permanent cure. Every mother knows the prominent symptoms of worms, such as voracity, leanness, fetid breath, grinding of the teeth during sleep, paleness of the lips, itching of the nose, &c., but there is other indicia not so generally recognized. A dry cough, dull eyes, enlargement of the abdomen, and many other symptoms common to other diseases, frequently denote the presence of worms. If their existence is even suspected, the Vermifuge should be administered, because it can do no harm in any case, and may do incalculable good.

The medicines are for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. june 19-3t

☞ One of the most important effects of the recent progress of Science is the alliance of Chemistry with Physiology, by which a new and unexpected light has been thrown upon the vital processes of animals. For this we are indebted chiefly to the German and French chemists. We have now a clear understanding of the different action of aliments, poisons, and remedial agents, and the long derided theory of the blood being the portion of the system upon which the latter should act, is now a demonstrated truth. The great object, therefore, is to ascertain what remedy will act most directly upon the constituents of the blood when in the act of combination. Experience, observation, and a cloud of witnesses, establish the fact that

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA

is at the very head of this class. Cancer, scrofula, salt rheum, erysipelas, leprosy, ringworm, mercurial diseases, suppuration of the glands, swellings of the joints, and all the diseases of the muscles and tissues, together with general debility of the system, yield to this unfailing purifier of the blood—for the blood is the channel through which disease finds its way to the various organs of the body.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton street, New York.

Sold also by ANGNEY & DICKSON, corner of Fifth and Spruce streets, Philadelphia, and by Druggists generally throughout the United States.

Price $1 per bottle. Six bottles for five dollars.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, June 12, 1847.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—On the date of our last review, we left the market quiet, and holders firm at $9,50 for good brands. Since, prices have materially changed, and an active business has been doing. Sales of 2500 bbls good brands early in the week at $9,25a9,12½ per bbl. Subsequently, several parcels, in all near 2000 bbls sold at $9. The market then became dull, but holders having gradually given way, buyers again came forward freely, and 4000 bbls changed hands at $8,75a8,50—and 3000 bbls at $8,37½a8,25 per bbl. Holders then refused to accept lower rates, and 2500 bbls have since been taken at $8,25a8,37½, at which latter rate the market closes firm to day. Week's sales for export, 15,000 bbls. Rye Flour is dull and lower—sales having been made this week at $6,50 per bbl. Corn Meal has been in good demand, but at lower rates. Sales of 4500 bbls Pennsylvania, early in the week, at $5,62½a5,50, and since at $5,25a5,37½ per bbl, closing more firmly at these rates.

GRAIN.—Wheat has been in demand, but at reduced prices. Sales of good Pennsylvania reds early in the week at $2,05a2,10 and white at $2,10a2,15 per bushel—since, sales of reds at $1,95a2,03 and $2, and white at $2,10—closing dull at these rates. Rye—Further sales of Pennsylvania at $1,30a1,25 per bushel. Corn has sold freely, but prices are also lower; the sales early in the week having been at $1,20 for good yellow, and $1,25 for white—since, several parcels good yellow sold at $1,15a1,17—and at the close, holders are firm at the latter rate, with sales. Oats—continue scarce—sales of Southern at 63a65c.

PROVISIONS.—Western Pork is in fair demand, with sales of new Mess at $17a17,50, and old do at $16a16,50, and Prime at $14,75a15,25 per bbl, with only moderate stocks. Bacon is taken in lots as wanted, at 9½a10½, and 11a12½ cts for good plain and extra Hams; 9a9½ for Sides, and 7½a8 for Shoulders, per lb. Lard is steady at 10a10½ cts for good Western, with small sales. Butter sells at 13a14c in kegs and firkins, and Cheese at 8½a9½c.

ASHES.—The supply of Western Pots is very light, but the demand is quite limited, and the transactions small at $5 per 100 lbs.

BARK.—The market is nearly bare of Quercitron in first hands, and prices are firm at $40 and 38 per ton for first and second quality.

BEESWAX.—A sale of 1500 lbs good yellow at 27½c per lb.

CANDLES.—Sperm are steady at 30a32c per lb, with small sales. Tallow are worth 11½ for Mould, and 10a10½ for Dipt.

COAL.—The receipts this week have been to a fair extent, and with a moderate demand, prices continue steady at $3,62½ per ton for White and Red Ash Lump, and $3,62½a3,87½ for Broken and Egg per ton delivered. Lehigh sells at $3,75a3,87½ for Lump, and $4,87½a4 per ton for Broken and Egg Coal. Allegheny Bituminous Coal is scarce, and in demand at advanced prices.

COFFEE.—The market has exhibited but little animation this week, and we only note the sales of 1500 bags Rio and Laguayra at 7a7¾, 300 St. Domingo at 6¾a6¼, and 150 Maracaibo at 7½c, all on the usual credit.

COPPER.—A sale of new Sheathing at 23½c, 6 mos.

COTTON.—The market has again been quite inactive, and the sales of the week, which amount to about 525 bales, including Upland, Mobile and New Orleans, show a further decline in the rates, which are:—

	New Orleans.	Upland.
Middling,	11½a11¾	12 a12½
Good Middling,	12 a12½	12½a12¾
Middling Fair,	12½a12¾	12¾a13
Fair,	13½a13¾	13¼a13½

DOMESTIC GOODS.—No material alternation has occurred in the market since our last weekly review.

FEATHERS.—The stocks continue light—sales of 5000 lbs Western at 30½a32c per lb.

FISH.—Mackerel are steady in price, with moderate sales at $11a11,50 for No. 1; $7,50a8 for No. 2, and $6a6,50 for No. 3 per bbl. The stocks are greatly reduced, and the supplies of the new catch at the Eastward are still very light.

FRUIT.—In Sicily and Malaga the transactions are limited at former rates. Dried Fruits are dull, with sales of Peaches at $1,50a1,62½, and Apples at 75ca$1 per bushel.

GINSENG.—A further sale of good Crude at 35 cents. The stock is very light.

GUANO.—But little doing, the season being now over.

HIDES.—A sale of 500 Pernambuco at 8½c 6 mos.

HEMP.—Market dull and prices depressed; 150 tons Western dew rotted sold on terms not made public.

HONEY.—A sale of Cuba at 50c, on time.

IRON.—Prices are steady, with a moderate demand. The sales have ranged at $28 to 32,50 per ton for Forge and Foundry Pig Metal; $25a27 for No. 2, and $28a30 for No. 1 Anthracite Pig. Blooms are scarce, and prices firm at $55a76 per ton. Rolled Bar Iron sells at $70a77,50 per ton, and Boiler Plates at 4½ to 5½c per lb as in quality.

LATHS.—Further sales of Eastern at $1,87½ per M.

LUMBER.—Sales of White Pine Boards at $14a18, and Yellow Pine at $13a16, and Flooring Boards at $15a18 per M. The shipments from the Lehigh region this season, to the 3d inst, have been—

This week,	1,051,853 feet.
Previously,	6,757,952 "
Total,	7,809,805 "

LEAD.—The market is bare in first hands. The last sale, to arrive, was at 4½a4¾c, on time.

MOLASSES.—Has been in moderate request. We note Sales of 250 hhds good Trinidad and Cienfuegos at 29a30c; 150 Matanzas at 22a23, and some poor Havana at 20c, on the usual credit.

NAVAL STORES.—About 1200 bbls Rosin have arrived this week, which were previously disposed of at 75 a85c for common, and $2a2,50 per bbl for No. 1. Tar is worth $2,37½, and Pitch $1a1,12½ per barrel. Spirits of Turpentine is dull at 36a37c per gallon.

OILS.—Linseed is taken as wanted, at 63a65 cts. In Whale the sales have been to a fair extent, at 37½a38c, on the wharf. Sales of Spring Sperm at $1,05a1,12½ per gallon.

RICE.—Continues in moderate demand, with fair sales at 5½a5¾c per lb.

SALT.—An invoice of 2500 sacks Liverpool Fine was disposed of before arrival.

SEEDS.—The last sale of Cloverseed were $4,25 to 4,50 per bushel, for fair to good quality. Flaxseed sells at $1,45a1,50.

SPIRITS.—Brandy sells in small lots as wanted at $1,85a1 90 for Bordeaux; $1,85a2 for Rochelle, and $4,50 for Cognac. Gin is steady at $1,30a1,35, with small sales. A cargo of Holland is being landed to day. N. E. Rum sells at 33a35 cts per gallon. Whiskey has been sold in hhds at 37 and in bbls at 38c.

SUGARS.—There has been a fair demand for Muscovado, and we note sales of 250 hhds Porto Rico at 6½ to 7¾c; 450 Cuba Muscovado, part at 6a6¾, and part at a price not made public; 350 New Orleans at 6½a7; 150 hhds and tierces Orange Grove at a price not stated, and 1800 boxes Cuba chiefly at 6½a7c for Brown, and 7½a8½ for White, all on the usual credit; and 1150 barrels and bags White Brazil, on terms not made public.

TEAS.—The demand is limited, at former rates.

TALLOW.—We continue to quote Rendered at 9a9½ cents.

TOBACCO.—We have to note the continuance of a good demand, with sales of 149 hhds Kentucky, at 3½a6, with some good Maysville Leaf at 8½a10c per pound, partly for export.

WINES.—Sales of 100 quarter casks Teneriffe at 65a75c per gallon.

WOOL.—The new clip has not yet come forward, and the sales of old are restricted for want of stocks in which to operate.

EXCHANGE.—Sterling Bills are in limited demand at 6½a7½ per cent. prem. France f5,37½af5,30.

FREIGHTS.—There is more offering to Europe, and several engagements have been made this week to load Flour and Grain at 3ea7s 6d per bbl for the former, and 8s per 8 bushels for the latter.—*Bick. Reporter.*

SALES OF STOCKS.

1250 shares Reading R. R.	31½a32
685 do. Girard Bank,	13½a13¾
650 do. Vicksburg Bank,	12¾
300 do. United States Bank,	4¾
50 do. Susque Canal,	17¾
50 do. Norristown Railroad,	14¾
50 do. Union Canal,	49
12 do. N Orleans Gas,	135
10 do. Chesapeake & Del. Canal,	90
6 do. Pennsylvania Bank,	322
$3000 Pittsburg 6's, 1860,	93
$10 100 Penna 6's,	83
$925 Lehigh Coal Scrip,	84¼
$15,000 Reading 6's, 1870,	79½
$1500 Lehigh 6's,	74
$3000 Susque. Canal, 6's	65
$30,000 U. S. 6's, 1867, cbp,	106¼
$3000 Texas Tres. Notes,	14½

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Offered during the week 1260 Beef Cattle, mostly from the West including 450 for New York; 230 Cows and Calves; 650 Hogs and 1080 Sheep and Lambs. Prices—Beeves dull, and generally sold at $6a7½ the 100 pounds; 70 left over. Cows and Calves—Sales range at $18a33 for fresh $12a25 for Springers, and $7a12 for Dry Cows. Hogs brought $6a7 the 100 lbs. Sheep and Lambs—Nearly all taken at $1a4 for Sheep, and $1a3½ for Lambs. Hay rather drooping, and sales of good Timothy ranged at 85a100c the cwt. Straw sold at 90a97½ the 100 bundles.

Baltimore, June 11.—Beef Cattle.—There were offered 530 head Beeves, of which 376 head were purchased by city butchers at $3a4,25 per 100 on the hoof, equal to $6a8,25 nett. Of the residue, 130 head were driven to Philadelphia and 29 to Washington, and 34 head left unsold. The average price was about $3,75, being a decline of 25c per 100 the gross.

Richmond, June 10.—Forecattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,50a3,50; nett $5,00a7,00, according to quality. Sheep—Clipped $1,00a2, Lambs $1½a2½. Hogs—Live $6,70a7.

NEW YORK MARKETS, June 12.

ASHES.—About 200 bbls Pots sold at $4,75, and 25 or 30 do Pearls at $6,18½.

FLOUR.—We report sales of 15a16,000 bbls Michigan and Genesee at $8,75a8,81¼; 1200 do Genesee and Western brands sold at $8 81¼; 1500 do straight brands Genesee, in store, sold at $8 87½, and 1000 Genesee sold to arrive in all June at $8 68¾; 400 bbls of Ohio sold at $8,75a8 81¼, and 300 do round hoop do at $9. Wheat—7000 bushels Ohio sold at $2, and 3000 do lowa, afloat, on private terms. Corn.—We report sales of about 30a55,000 bushels, chiefly Northern and New York yellow, (including one lot of 5000 to arrive next week,) at $1,20; 1000 do Western flat yellow at $1,16; 2500 bush. Northern yellow sold on private terms; 3600 do mixed sold at $1 15; 5000 do sold at $1,27, and 6000 do at $1,22, and 22,500 do mixed sold, to arrive in all June, at $1 15—Rye—Was inactive; $1,30 was offered, and $1,35 asked. Rye Flour—150 bbls sold at $7,25. Meals—Sales of 900 bbls, deliverable next week, at buyer's call, sold at $5 56¼. Oats—Sales of 5000 bushels sold at 61 cts, and 2003 do heavy good white at 61c. P. Beans—Sales of about 300 bbls were made at $1,75. They were afterwards held at $1 81¼.

PROVISIONS.—Sales of new prime pork were reported at $14; prices of other kinds remained about the same. Beef was firm, and 3a400 barrels city mess sold at $13a13,50; 150 bbls N. Y. State prime new mess pork, were sold on private terms. Lard was firm, and sales of 100 kegs made at 10¼c, and 168 bbls do, common, sold at 9½c. Cheese and Butter remained about the same.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.—The Baltimore Patriot says that the Tobacco market of that city has been quite active for some days past, and adds:—"Prices of all kinds have advanced very considerably, and the good and better qualities are taken as fast as received. For some fine yellow and wrappery $20a30 has been realized. The receipts, especially Ohio, are light on account of the continued dry weather, but that arriving is immediately bought up, as all qualities are now sought for. We put up quotations to suit, viz: Maryland $2 to 3 for inferior and common; $3a7 50 for good common; $8a9 for good; $6a20 for fine and better qualities; Ohio common to middling $2a5; good $4a7; fine reds $8a12; fine yellow $10a20; extra kinds $15a20. The inspections are 1515 hhds; including 1380 Maryland, 105 Ohio, and 30 Kentucky."

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 7th to the 12th June

June 7, received from

B. F. Taylor	$4 00	L. Willard	2 00
Wm Suits	2 00	Z. Davis	2 00
Saml. Thistlethwait	2 00	S. T. Moorley	20 00
W. C. Jones	5 00	S. G. Daley	2 00
Geo. W. McIver	5 00	R. C. Taber	2 00
Arnold Stokes	2 00	A. D. Jones	2 00
Lewis Bennett	2 00	G. P. Carter	5 00
Jno. O. Wade	3 00	W. S. Luther	2 00
Henry Ullom	2 00	D. S. Snyder	2 00
Wm. Phillips, Jr.	3 00	L. B. Bond	2 00
B. Gross	5 00	C. A. Clarke	2 00
D. Jacoby	5 00	B. L. Lewers	4 00
Thos. Severn	55 00		

June 8.

H. McClure	2 00	D. R. Pelty	5 00
A. J. Van Tuyl	1 00	S. K. Dean	2 00
J. F. Francis	2 00	M. O. Blythe	2 00
Seth Day	2 00	S. P. Penn	2 00
S. Scriven	2 00	W. G. Able	20 00
N. Mosher	1 00	N. K. Cilley	2 00
J. Hart	1 00	W. B. Allman	2 00
I. Sheldon	3 00	C. S. Shelly	10 00
A. A. Coleman	3 00	W. P. Horn	2 00
D. C. Zimmerman	2 00	D. D. Swayne	2 00
S. T. Jenkins	2 00	W. N. Keeton	4 00
W. H. Walker	2 00	S. D. Dunn	2 00
L. Witham	2 00		

June 9.

J. Hertzler	4 00	A. L. Brown	2 00
D. Keadig	2 00	T. B. Bundy	2 00
Jones & Parkinson	1 00	C. A. Tarr	2 00
Miss J. H. Stoner	2 00	L. B. Lewis	2 00
T. H. Hanks	5 00	W. B. Peel	5 00
Col. T. J. Gregory	5 00	N. T. Grover	2 00
J. McD. Whitson	5 00	C. B. West	3 00
T. J. Dickey	5 00	L. D. Deal	2 00
W. D. Earl	1 00	S. N. Moore	4 00
M. Phelps	5 00	D. C. Hurst	2 00
S. D. Brydges	2 00	P. W. White	2 00
N. C. Kerns	10 00	R. W. Brown	2 00
R. S. Kelly	10 00		

June 10.

N. Winslow	2 00	A. D. Dale	2 00
W. Holland	4 00	W. S. Warren	2 00
S. Beers	2 00	A. D. Allen	2 00
W. Leamer	3 00	C. W. Prall	20 00
W. T. Sproule	5 00	A. D. Wiley	2 00
W. Rainey	2 00	S. G. Douglass	2 00
O. H. P. Stem	35 91	C. T. Turner	2 00
H. P. Whiteside	5 00	C. B. Isherton	3 00
J. P. Thomas	2 00	W. M. Winters	2 00
Hannah Lewis	4 00	G. C. Knight	2 00
C. B. Place	2 00	N. A. Barnes	2 00
W. S. Custis	2 00	D. C. Dulty	2 00
W. M. Morton	4 00		

June 11.

Hon. W. Adams	5 00	S. J. Adams	4 00
Strawn & Foulke	2 00	L. C. Keen	20 00
C. Rothe	4 00	M. P. Mintzer	5 00
J. Foster, 3rd.	2 00	D. W. Craighead	2 00
J. Capps	10 00	W. C. Pilley	2 00
J. W. Thomson	2 00	Miss M. J. Ogden	2 00
N. A. W. Williamson	2 00	Mrs. A. M. Hopkins	2 00
J. Brown & Co.	5 00	W. M. Menson	2 00
G. Smith	2 00	C. Y. Hanson	4 00
J. P. Barnes	1 00	D. L. Potter	2 00
J. Griffith	2 00	C. W. Hartley	2 00
J. Lovering	2 00	G. W. Elson	3 00
G. W. Hollenbeck	2 50	J. P. Rice	2 00
J. E. Rial	2 00		

June 12.

B. Bean	2 00	J. S. Spence	5 00
S. Williamson	2 00	J. Coon	6 50
J. C. Sheets	2 00	S. Loeas	2 00
R. L. Grim & Co.	9 50	Dr. T. B. Cooper	4 00
F. Smith	2 00	Mary Porter	2 00
Mrs. A. Kirk	5 00	G. Potter	2 00
J. Caldwell	1 25	S. Carlin	5 00
N. Borup	2 00	R. H. Holland	4 00
Mrs. L. A. Tickner	6 00	T. W. Spratley, Jr.	2 00
D. M. Harlin	6 25	W. D. Wood	2 00
J. W. Goodwin	1 50	Lydia Aplin	2 00
P. Pringle	2 00	D. W. Worsen	2 00
Miss K. V. Antwerp	2 00	S. C. Wells	20 00
G. Pellet	4 00	W. B. Shull	15 00
W. H. Pyle	1 25	K. N. Pratt	2 00

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER, *No. 24 South Third Street. Philadelphia, June 19, 1847*

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. Bank notes	22 dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	1 dis
York	1 dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Lewistown	par
Brownsville	1 dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1 dis
Washington	1 dis
Erie	1 dis
Susquehanna county	1½ dis
Lebanon	½ dis
Lehigh county bank	
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	1 dis
Wyoming	1 dis
Middletown	1 dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Hawway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del. Bridge	½ dis
Ferd. Del. Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	no sale
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de Grace	½ dis
Far and Millers bk.	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	½ dis
Com. Bank, N. Y.	2 dis
Bank of Lyons,	2 dis
Lewis Co. Bank,	2 dis
Canal bk. Lockport,	2 dis
White Plains Bk.	2 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Clinton county	2 dis
Com. Bk. Buffalo	2 dis
Com. Bk. Owego	2 dis
Owego Bank	30 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	1 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branch's	1½ dis
Far. Bk. and branch's	do dis
Valley Bk & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bank of Mill	1½ dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	1½ dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	1 dis
Country Banks	4a5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	une
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small Notes	1 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
State Bank	1 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State Bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	70 dis
Farmers' and Mech's	10 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	60 dis
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' Bank	—

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!—No. 260 CHESNUT Street.—WILLIAMS OGLE, COACH MAKER, late of the firm of Ogle & Watson, respectfully informs his friends and former patrons, that he has opened at his new Coach Factory, No. 260 CHESNUT St. above Tenth, South side, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line with punctuality and despatch, and intends keeping on hand an assortment of FASHIONABLE CARRIAGES. ap 17 6m

N. B.—Particular attention paid to REPAIRING.

ALMANAC.

May, 1847.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
19 SATURDAY,	4 35	7 25	6 38	
20 SUNDAY,	4 35	7 25	7 17	D. H. M.
21 MONDAY,	4 35	7 25	8 19	
22 TUESDAY,	4 35	7 25	9 29	
23 WEDNESDAY,	4 35	7 25	10 37	Last 3 10 36
24 THURSDAY,	4 35	7 25	11 30	New 13 7 53
25 FRIDAY,	4 35	7 25	morn	First 20 2 2
26 SATURDAY,	4 35	7 25	12 31	Full 12 7 30

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock	12 o'clock	3 o'clock
June	6,	65	72	73
	7,	65	78	80
	8,	68	77	77
	9,	72	82	88
	10,	75	85	85
	11,	71	72	72
	12,	66	76	81

Married,

In this city, by the Rev. John Coleman, Mr. JOHN C. HUNN, to Miss LOUISA M. ECKHARDT, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 10th ult. by the Rev. Geo. Foot, Mr. JOAB S. ALLSTON, to Miss MARY ANN WOODS, all of New Castle county, Del.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. G. A. Reichert, Mr. HENRY G. HARDRICH, of Philadelphia, to Miss ROSINA, eldest daughter of Mr. G. Zimmerman, of Camden, N. Jersey.

On the 13th of April last, by Alderman Walton, Jos. L. PATSHLEY, to MARY JANE DEVINEY, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 10th inst. at St. Augustine Chapel, by the Very Rev. Mr. C. Dwyer, DANIEL B. KELLEY, to MARGARET HUTCHINSON, daughter of the late Henry H. Hammill, all of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. ROBERT WALLACE, to Miss LYDIA METLER.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. H. S. Rhodenburgh, Mr. DAVID R. KENNEDY, of Montgomery county, to Miss VIOLETTE M. REESE, daughter of Abel Reese, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 20th of April, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOSEPH DETTERER, to Miss CATHARINE ANN SIMONS, both of this city.

On the 5th ult. by the same, Mr. JONATHAN PIERCE, to Miss REMIX, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 3d inst. at Emanuel Church Glenville, Ct. by the Rev. Mr. Hills, Mr. JOHN S. MACKAY, of Greenwich, Ct. to Miss MARY W. DAVEREUX, of Boston, Mass.

On the 15th of July, 1846, by the Rev. C. S. Crouch, A. H. FREEMAN, to ELIZABETH R. BOURNE.

At the American Hotel, Lewiston, county of Niagara, State of New York, by the Rev. Norris Bull, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Lewiston, CHARLES DAVIDSON, merchant, Guelph, U. C. to JEANIE KENNEDY, youngest daughter of Wm. Kennedy, late of Philadelphia, U. S.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. E. W. Schon, Mr. S. J. LIPMAN, of Philadelphia, a member of Rockwell's Amphitheatre, to Miss SARAH A. D. HUTCHINSON, of Albany, N. Y.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Mr. Ridgley, Mr. R. PETER ROBER, to Miss MARY ANN LACEY, both of Phœnixville, Chester county.

Died,

On the 12th inst. GEORGE WILDER, son of George and Catharine A. Bevan, aged 2 years and 2 months.

On the 11th inst. Mr. THOMAS MARLIN, aged 63.

On the 12th inst. EDITH ANN PAYNTER, aged 14.

On the 12th inst. JACOB HOCKER, aged 18 years.

On the 12th inst. PATRICK REILY, aged 76 years.

On the 12th inst. Mr. JOHN REDINGER, aged 18 years.

On the 12th inst. ANNA MARIA, wife of George Cregar, aged 25 years.

On the 13th inst. MARGARET, infant daughter of John and Agnes Grady, aged 19 months.

On the 13th inst. ROBERT BARRETT, Esq. aged 67.

On the 10th inst. ALBERT BRADLY, son of Charles A. and Ann S. Dean, aged 1 year.

On the 12th inst. WM. KELLY, son of Charles S. and Mary E. Whiteman, aged 4 years.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. MARY BARRON.

On the 10th inst. REBECCA SIMMONS, aged 69 years.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. MARY A. McCOMB, aged 32.

On the 10th inst. GEORGE W. son of Robert E. and Sarah A. Mathyes, aged 3 years.

On the 9th inst. EDWARD H. DUFFELL, aged 24 years.

On the 11th inst. THOMAS S. STEELE, aged 16 years.

On the 10th inst. JAMES FRANCIS, son of Jacob and Mary A. Wilkins, aged 7 years and 1 month.

On the 10th inst. MARGARET McDERMOTT.

On the 11th inst. MICHAEL, son of Edward and Anastasia Keenan, aged 15 months.

On the 11th inst. JOSEPHINE, daughter of Lewis and Ann Boraman, aged 2 years.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. CHARLOTTE, wife of William P. Hood, aged 46 years.

On the 9th inst. HUGH CLARK, aged 90 years.

On the 9th inst. at Wilmington, Del. JAS STRANAHAN, Jr. aged 30 years.

On the 9th inst. FRANCES EMMA, infant daughter of Gabriel and Eliza Hangary, aged 1 year.

On the 10th inst. JOHN, son of Wm. and Louisa McGinley, aged 3 years.

On the 9th inst. SARAH M. STURGES, aged 63 years.

On the 10th instant, Miss ELIZA, daughter of the late John and Eliza L. Nicholson, aged 17 years.

On the 10th inst. MARY ELIZABETH, daughter of Wm. and Sarah Nelson, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 10th inst. AMANDA MARSHALL, aged 7 years.

On the 9th inst. WILLIAM, son of William and Mary Lewis, aged 9 years.

On the 9th inst. ELIZABETH WOOD, aged 85 years.

On the 9th inst. GEO. W. FOWLER, aged 31 years.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. CATHARINE TAYLOR, aged 44.

TYPE FOR SALE.

ONE LARGE FOUNT OF BOURGEOIS TYPE, in good condition.

ONE SMALL FOUNT EACH OF MINION AND NONPARIEL TYPE. Apply to the Proprietors of this paper. may 22

PICTURE STORY BOOKS, by Great Authors and Great Painters.—I. Life and Adventures of Punchinello; adapted from the French of Octave Feuillet, 100 illustrations; 25 cents.

II. Bean Flower and Pea Blossom, by Charles Nodier, with numerous designs; 25 cents.

III. Genius Goodfellow; The Wood cutter's Dog; The Subterfuge; and Honest Herbert; with numerous illustrations; 25 cents.

IV. Good Lady Bertha's Honey Broth, by Alexandre Dumas, with 120 illustrations; 25 cents.

The above new series of interesting and instructive tales are profusely illustrated with engravings and neatly done up in an illuminated character, price 25 cents each. They are quite unequalled in their character, both as to matter and graphic illustrations, and for the young especially they will be found admirable.

This day published by GEORGE S. APPLETON, 148 Chesnut street. 1t

JONES & PARKINSON, CONFECTIONERS, No. 180 CHESNUT Street, Philadelphia, opposite the Masonic Hall, would call the attention of citizens and travellers visiting Philadelphia, to their complete assortments of all kinds of REFRESHMENTS—together with every possible variety of CAKES, CONFECTIONARIES, CANDIES, PRESERVES, SYRUPS, JELLIES, etc., etc. All orders for any part of the U. States filled with despatch and accuracy. june 19 4t*

READ IT! IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF, AND COMMENTS ARE UNNECESSARY.

DR. JAYNE.—Dear Sir: I feel bound to the afflicted to give publicity to the extraordinary effects of your valuable medicine.

I have suffered for several years past with Liver Complaint, and the train of diseases which follow—a complete prostration of the system—so that it was with great difficulty I could walk, and at times I was confined to my room. To add to my misery, a Scrofulous affection appeared in my throat, with Rheumatism in my arms, so that I could not raise my right arm to my head. In the hottest weather my feet and hands would ache with the cold, and perspiration had almost ceased. I now became afflicted with a dry hoarse cough, and gave up all hopes of ever getting well. I had night sweats, and got little or no sleep, with frightful dreams and morbid headache. I seemed to be bordering on INSANITY, and was denied all study or mental exercise. I could not read a small paragraph in a newspaper without great difficulty. I had great soreness in my stomach, which caused it to swell so much that I was unable to lie down, or even recline, but had to be propped up in a chair.

I had the advice of some eminent physicians, and tried nearly all the remedies used in such cases, but continued to grow worse, and it appeared as though a speedy dissolution was taking place.

I now heard of your medicines, and determined to try your SANATIVE PILLS, and to my surprise the soreness left me, so that I could walk about the house. I continued to improve from that time. Shortly after my wife called at your store, and obtained a bottle of your ALTERATIVE.

After taking which and the Pills for three weeks, there was a decided change for the better, so that when I called upon you, you said that I would get well, and that your ALTERATIVE would cure me effectually. With no hopes, however, of getting well, I still continued taking your Alterative, until I had taken the fourth bottle, when there was a sodden change in my whole system, as though I had got rid of some great burthen, and I could draw my breath as usual. My nerves gradually became strong, and my appetite returned.

It has been about four months since I commenced taking your medicines, and at this time nearly every vestige of disease is eradicated from my system. I am as active, and nearly as strong, as at any period of my life. I have now gained nine pounds in two months.

I have good reason to believe that the use of your valuable medicine, by the blessing of God, has saved me from a premature grave. JOSEPH BARBER,

Poplar between Seventh and Eighth Sts., Phila.

The medicines are for sale by Dr. D. JAYNE, at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. june 12 3t

THE GREAT CHINESE MUSEUM, IN THE MUSEUM BUILDING, NINTH STREET, (BELOW CHESNUT.)

This large and splendid Collection is now open to the public every day from 9 A. M. till 10 P. M. It consists of upwards of Sixty beautifully modelled original Figures, exhibiting all the different grades of life amongst this ancient and curious people, (numbering about four hundred millions,) from the Emperor and his Mandarins, arrayed in their gorgeous embroidered Satin Dresses, to the beggar in his tattered garments soliciting alms. More than 400 Paintings in Oil and Water Colors, by Chinese artists; numerous models of Chinese Temples, Theatres, Stores, Summer Houses, Bridges, Junks and Boats. Specimens of Manufactures of Silk, Cotton and Porcelain; their Musical Instruments, their carving in ivory, wood and stone—and a great number of Lanterns of the most curious shapes and descriptions.

Two Chinese are attached to the Museum, one of whom is a professor of music, and will occasionally sing a Chinese Song, accompanying himself on some of his curious instruments.

For sale at the Ticket Office is a Descriptive Catalogue, containing miscellaneous remarks upon the Government, History, Religions, Literature, Agriculture, Arts, Trade, Manners and Customs of the Chinese, as suggested by an examination of the Museum.

Admittance TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Children under twelve years, half price. Season Tickets $1 50. ap 10 4m

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED.—Local and Travelling Agents wanted in every town and county in the United States, to dispose of, and obtain subscribers to, a number of useful and valuable publications. For particulars, address the subscribers. Be particular to write plainly your State, County, and Town, or Post Office.

☞ *The postage must in all cases be paid, or the letters will not be taken from the office.* ap 17 6m

Address, G. B. ZIEBER & Co., Philada. Pa.

CHESTERFIELD BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS,

SITUATED ON THE CROSSWICKS ROAD, three miles from Bordentown, N. J., will open for the Summer term on the 17th of 5th mo. (May,) 1847.

A competent teacher is engaged. The number of scholars limited to twenty. For particulars enquire of

George Truman, N. 7th street,
George M. Justice, No. 149 Market street, } Phila.
D. Parrish, S. W. corner of 9th and Arch st.
Samuel Townsend,
John Needles, } Baltimore.
William C. White, New York City.
R. Rush Plumly,
M. S. Foster, } Trenton, N. J.
Or of the Principal, HENRY W. RIDGWAY,
Direct to Crosswicks P. O., N. J. ap 10-3m*

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE,

Friends of Morality and a Pure Literature.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1847.

The proprietors of that old and firmly established paper the SATURDAY EVENING POST, are determined to maintain the reputation it has acquired of being, on the whole,

THE BEST WEEKLY PAPER IN AMERICA.

As the vigorous defender of morality and a pure literature, it has gained for itself a name which entitles it to take the lead of journals, which are afraid to speak out upon this most important question.

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

As a literary journal the Post stands second to none. The best contributions of the American and Foreign mind are procured to instruct and delight its large circle of readers—and no exertions shall be spared to render the Post a delightful companion both for old and young.

A MERCANTILE JOURNAL.

Every week we shall furnish our readers with an accurate account of the condition of the Philadelphia Markets—The Prices and Sales of Country Produce, &c., and the Cattle Market. Our Bank Note List is also carefully corrected weekly, and the prices of various stocks given. CAREFUL ATTENTION WILL BE PAID TO THIS IMPORTANT PART OF OUR PAPER TO MAKE IT ACCURATE AND RELIABLE.

AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL.

As the Farming Interest is a most important one, we are careful never to omit anything in the Post that would prove of interest to our Agricultural subscribers—and, every week, at least a column of our paper is filled with the best matter that can be selected from the various Agricultural Journals.

NEWS.

Much care is taken to collect for the readers of the Post the latest and most important intelligence upon all subjects of public interest. Domestic, Foreign, Congressional, and other News will ever be furnished as speedily as possible.

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES.

Portraits of distinguished men, Pictures of remarkable places, also, shall not be forgotten. And we shall endeavor always to have some such embellishment in our columns to add to their variety and beauty.

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND.

We shall thus, finally, maintain for the Post the proud title it has acquired of being peculiarly a Family Paper and the Fireside Friend. Always having among its numerous stories, something for each member of the Family—for the Father, the Mother, the Brothers, the Sisters, down even to the younger members of the household.

TERMS.

1 Copy,	$2 00 per annum.
4 Copies,	$5 00 " "
8 Copies,	$10 " "
13 Copies,	$15 " "
18 Copies,	$20 " "

The money must be always sent in advance, free of postage.

☞ Editors copying the above will be entitled to an exchange.

Address, **SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO., No. 98 Chesnut St., Philadelphia.**

THE WHOLE WORLD SHOULD KNOW IT. That Doctor JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT is a certain cure for asthma, and that for coughs, colds, consumption, whooping cough, croup, bronchitis, and every other disease of the lungs or throat it is sure to produce the most decided benefit. It is recommended by thousands who have tried it, and all say that it is the best remedy, without any exception, for all Pulmonary Diseases that has ever been known, for it always gives relief, and cures when every other means have failed.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS.

These pills may be taken *at all times*, and in most diseases; in inflammatory, intermittent remittent, bilious, and every form of FEVER—Jaundice and Liver Complaint. For Dyspepsia they are really an invaluable article, gradually changing the vitiated secretions of the stomach and liver, and producing healthy action in those important organs. They are very valuable for diseases of the Skin, and for what is commonly called impurity of the blood; also for Female Complaints, Costiveness, &c., and in fact every disease where an Aperient, Alterative, or purgative medicine may be required.

Dyspepsia positively can be cured by a persevering use of this Sanative, especially if the Vermifuge be used in conjunction.

The medicines are for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. je 5-3t

Where may be had the AMERICAN HAIR DYE, warranted to change the hair to a beautiful auburn, or a perfectly jet black color.

DR. SWAYNE'S GREAT DISCOVERY. *SINCE THE DISCOVERY OF DOCTOR SWAYNE'S VALUABLE MEDICINE, Thousands have been Restored to perfect Health who but by its use would now be in the silent grave!!*

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION,

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Liver Complaint, Spitting Blood, Difficulty of Breathing, Pain in the Side and Breast, Palpitation of the Heart, Influenza, Croup, Broken Constitution, Sore Throat, Nervous Debility, and all diseases of the Throat, Breast and Lungs, the most effectual and speedy cure ever known for any of the above diseases, is

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

ANOTHER LIVING WITNESS.—Read with astonishment the wonderful cure performed by Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of WILD CHERRY:—

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 25, 1847.

Dr. Swayne—Dear Sir: In justice to yourself and a duty I owe to suffering humanity, I cheerfully give my testimony, and declare to the world the most astonishing effects, and the great cure your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry performed on me, under the most unfavorable circumstances. I was taken with a violent Cough, Spitting of Blood, severe Pains in the Side and Breast, which seemed to break down and enfeeble my constitution, so that my physician thought my case beyond the power of medicine, and my friends all gave me up to die; but thanks to you, and the effects of your great discovery, I now feel myself a well man, and raised from a mere skeleton to as fleshy and healthy a man as I have been for years and shall be pleased to give any information respecting my case, by calling at my residence, Mechanic street, third door below George street, Northern Liberties. JACOB PAINTER.

Certificates such as the above are now daily received from all quarters of the globe.

TESTIMONY IS NOW RECEIVED FROM ALL QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE.

The following letters is presented with a view of more fully showing the opinions of physicians in relation to the Medical value of Doctor SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

DR. SWAYNE—Dear Sir: Having used your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, extensively in my practice, I was requested by your Agent, Dr. Crutcher, to express my opinion in writing, of its properties as a remedial agent, I most cheerfully comply, as I feel by so doing, I will discharge a debt I owe the community at large, and physicians in particular. As much as I detest Quack Medicines and Patent Nostrums, I was induced from a failure of the most potent expectorants, recommended in our materia medica in some cases of DISEASED LUNGS, to try your Preparation of Prunus Virginia or WILD CHERRY. It is sufficient to say that I was so much pleased with the result of that, and subsequent trials that I now prescribe it in preference to *all other Remedies* where an expectorant is indicated. In the much dreaded Pneumonia or Disease of the Lungs, in the alarming form in which it appears in Kentucky, I regard it as an invaluable Remedy in the treatment of that disease. To all who know me I have said enough, but as this may be seen by persons out of the vicinity of Frankfort, I will briefly add, that I have been engaged in an active practice of my profession of 12 years, and am a Regular Graduate of Transylvania, and this is the first Patent Medicine I ever thought enough of to express an opinion in writing.

J. R. ELLISON, M. D.

January 7th, 1847. Franklin County, Ky. *Frankfort Ky., Jan. 7th, 1847.*

The above certificate is from one of our physicians living a few miles from here, he is doing a very good practice, and is considered a good physician, and stands fair, he is, as he says, a regular graduate.

DR. W. L. CRUTCHER, Druggist and Apothecary.

☞ Since the introduction of my article to the public, there have a number of unprincipled individuals got up *nostrums*, which they assert contain WILD CHERRY, some are called "BALSAMS," "BITTERS," and even SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, but mine is the original and only genuine preparation ever introduced to the public, which can be proved by the public Records of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The only safeguard against imposition is to see that my signature is on each bottle.

june 5-3m DR. H. SWAYNE, Corner of Eighth and Race sts., Philadelphia.

Also, for sale Wholesale and Retail by Handley, Phelps & Co., 142 Water street, New York; J. P. Cook, 76 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.; Ogden & Snowden, Pittsburg, Pa.; Dr. E. Easterly & Co., St. Louis, Mo.; E. B. Hinman, Cincinnati, Ohio; Andrew Oliver & Co., New Orleans; Dubose & Co., Mobile; J. P. Hall & Co., Boston; Deng & Son, Columbus; S. F. Urquhart, Toronto, Canada, and by dealers in medicine generally throughout the United States. Dr. H. SWAYNE, Philadelphia, Inventor and sole Proprietor of the genuine.

WATER CURE INSTITUTION.—A magnificent Hydropathic Institution has just been opened in Chesnut street, Philadelphia, for the reception of patients, under the direction of T. T. Mann, M. D., who has been engaged in practice for the last eight years. The location is charming—Institution furnished sumptuously—and ladies in delicate health will have all their comforts well provided for by the governess. The rules of treatment for invalids will be as strict as equal to the best regulated establishments in England and Germany.

TERMS.—For professional attention, use of baths, board and accommodations, use of Piano, &c., &c., $10 00 per week, payable weekly.

Application for admission may be made to T. T. Mann, No. 455 Chesnut street, Philada. (post-paid.) my 8-2m*

☞ *PLEASE TO READ THIS.* ☜

A GOOD CHANCE TO CLEAR FROM $500 TO $1000 A YEAR.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN AND COUNTY THROUGHOUT THE UNION, to procure Subscribers to "SEARS' PICTORIAL AND ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE," and to SEARS' NEW AND POPULAR PICTORIAL WORKS, universally acknowledged to be the BEST and CHEAPEST EVER PUBLISHED, as they certainly are the most saleable. Any active agent may clear $500 or $1000 a-year. A cash capital of at least $25 or $50 will be necessary. Full particulars of the principles and profits of the Agency will be given on application, either personally or by letter. The postage must in all cases be paid. Please to address,

ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, No. 128 Nassau street, New York.

☞ Specimen copies of the PICTORIAL MAGAZINE, to procure subscribers with, will be furnished to all who wish to engage in its circulation, if requested, (post paid,) at the rate of Ten Nos. for One Dollar, or Ten Cents for single copies. dec 12 tf

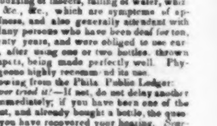
CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 67 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Sts. Philadelphia. The subscriber has constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.

Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER, and FRENCH CALF SKINS.

feb 10 tf* ANDREW E. CHAMBERS.

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 1, STATE STREET, BOSTON; W. H. GRAHAM, Tribune Office, NEW YORK; M. BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

DEAFNESS CURED!!



SCARPA'S COMPOUND ACOUSTIC OIL, for the cure of Deafness, Pains, and the discharge of matter from the Ears. Also, all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c., &c., which are symptoms of approaching Deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen, and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and Surgeons highly recommend its use.

Read the following from the Phila. Public Ledger:

"*Have you ever tried it?*—If not, do not delay another day, but send immediately; if you have been one of the wise and prudent, and already bought a bottle, the question is settled; you have recovered your hearing. *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness* never fails. It is the only medicine that will cure. Thousands of deaf persons will give their testimony in its favor. The beauty of the thing is that it cures you without producing any pain."

Wholesale and retail by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 8 South Third street, Philadelphia. may 22 eow3t

IMPORTANT NEWS FROM THE NORTH, SOUTH AND WEST!—WARRANTED TO CURE!—*DR. JACKSON'S PILE and TETTER EMBROCATION.* This may be considered a specific, and is warranted to cure the Piles, Tetter, Ringworm, Salt Rheum and all diseases of the Skin. It not only immediately allays pain and inflammation, stops all bleeding, subdues that intolerable itching, but effectually cures, in a very short time, persons whose lives have been rendered miserable for years. Its application produces no pain, but rather an agreeable and pleasant sensation. Call or send for a list of cures, and you will be astonished.

Read the following extract from a letter written to the proprietor, by one of the largest Drug and Apothecary stores in Nashville, Tenn., with an order for a large supply of the embrocation.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 8, 1847.

We have such a high opinion of your preparations, especially the EMBROCATION, as to recommend it, in preference to any other article we have. And of all that we have sold, and we have sold a large quantity the past year, we have never heard a single person say it has not fully met his expectations. There are other Pile Ointments for sale here, but they will not compare with Dr. Jackson's. We always sell yours because we have so much more confidence in its performing a cure, and that we will run no risk in *warranting* it to cure.

With great respect, yours, &c.
HENDERSHOTT & STRETCH.

Extract from a Letter to Dr. Jayne.

SHREVEPORT, La., April 14, 1847.

Tell Dr. Jackson that the *Pile and Tetter Embrocation*, since I advertised it, authorising all to return and get their money, if it should not give satisfaction, is beginning to sell, and has so far given *general satisfaction* to all. He should send me six dozen out in your box, for when any article of medicine in this country begins to go, there is no stopping it. Yours, respectfully, in haste, J. W. MORRIS.

Read the following extract:

"WATERTOWN, N. Y., May 1, 1847.

Dear Sir—You will perceive that I have sold all the EMBROCATION; it is much sought after, and the calls for it lately have been very frequent—send me just as much as you please. Yours truly, ADRIEL ELY."

Wholesale and retail by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South THIRD street. may 22 eow3t

LOCAL AND TRAVELLING AGENTS WANTED.—In all parts of the country to sell a number of POPULAR PICTORIAL, MEDICAL, and MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS. A liberal discount given. For particulars apply to the publishers, my 15 tf

LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philada.

A NATURAL REMEDY,

Suited to the Human Constitution, will be found in WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH.

THESE extraordinary Pills are composed of plants which grow spontaneously on our own soil, and are, therefore, better adapted to our constitutions than medicines concocted from foreign drugs, however well they may be compounded; and as WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are founded upon the principle that the human body is in truth

SUBJECT TO BUT ONE DISEASE,

namely, corrupt humors, and that said medicine cures this disease on NATURAL PRINCIPLES, *by cleansing and purifying the body*, it will be manifest that, if the constitution be not entirely exhausted, a perseverance in their use, according to directions, is absolutely certain to drive disease of every name from the body.

When we wish to restore a swamp or morass to fertility, we drain it of the superabundant water. In like manner, if we wish to restore the body to health, we must cleanse it of impurity.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS will be found one of the best, if not the very best medicine in the world for carrying out this GRAND PURIFYING PRINCIPLE, because they expel from the body all morbid and corrupt humors, the cause of the disease, in an easy and *Natural Manner*; and while they every day GIVE EASE AND PLEASURE, disease of every name is rapidly driven from the body.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills may be had wholesale or retail of the following highly respectable storekeepers in the different sections of the country, to wit:

Samuel S. Brooks, Augusta, Me.
Edward Mason, Portland, Me.
N. Marsh, Portsmouth, N. H.
Wm. P. Allen, Providence, R. I.
E. F. Stafford, St. Alban's, Franklin Co., Vt.
Cromwell & Jewett, New Haven, Ct.
Wibert & Batley, Jewellers, Buffalo, N. Y.
Sage & Brother, Rochester, Monroe Co. Y.
Chas. C. Yard, variety and seed store, Trenton, N. J.
John Thompson, grocer, 153 Liberty st., Pittsburg, Pa.
O. D. Spafford, book and stationary store, Erie, Pa.
John S. Lewis, grocer, Wilmington, Del.
Isaac P. Cook, book store, Baltimore, Md.
A. H. Hunt, grocery and queensware, Frederick, Md.
Andrew Kidd, general store, Port Deposit, Md.
R. Farnham, book store, Washington City, D. C.
Jas. Mellor, variety and music store, Wheeling, Va.
H. M. House, dry goods store, Cleveland, Ohio.
Saml. Garrett, cor. of Main and Gano sts., Cin. Ohio.
G. W. Noble, literary depot, Louisville, Ky.
Chas. H. Wickliffe, grocer, Lexington, Ky.
John York, book store, Nashville, Tenn.
E. W. Rowlett, dry goods store, Memphis, Tenn.
Tomlinson & Brother, dry goods store, Indianapolis, Ia.
J. S. Thompson, dry goods store, Madison, Ia.
Newton Flagg, dry goods store, Quincy, Ill.
C. F. Hughes, dry goods store, Springfield, Ill.
Alex. McFarren, dry goods store, Detroit, Mi.
John Cronshite, dry goods store, St. Joseph, Mi.
Phelps & Blakesly, corner Chesnut and Third streets, St. Louis, Mo.
Ford & Scantlin, dry goods store, Helena, Ark.
N. W. Dean, dry goods store, Madison, Wiscon.
E. C. Lyon, dry goods store, Iowa city, Iowa.
McNair & Co., dry goods store, Jackson, Miss.
G. S. Painter, dry goods store, Natchez, Miss.
M. Boulimet, literary depot, Mobile, Ala.
A. Bronsema, 81 Picayune book bindery, N. Orleans, La.
H. D. Turner, book store, Raleigh, N. C.
Wm. G. Hall, book store, Newbern, N. C.
Amos Head, 95 East Bay street, Charleston, S. C.
M. Eastman, book store, Savannah, Geo.

☞ Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, at the North American College of Health, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; No. 198 Tremont street, Boston; and PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 169 RACE STREET, Philadelphia. mar 27-3m

J. D. WHETHAM,

(Of the late firm of J. & J. D. Whetham,)

ROPE MAKER AND SHIP CHANDLER, *No. 7 N. Front St., and No. 6 N. Water St., Philada.* Keeps constantly on hand, *Rope of all descriptions*, of his own manufacture.

Tow Lines for Canal Boats,	Packing Yarn,
Fishing Lines,	Spun Yarn,
Seine Twine,	Carpet Warp,
Bed Cords,	Sacking Bottoms,
Manilla Rope,	Wagon Covers,
White do.	Awnings, &c., made to order.
Ratline,	
Cordage,	

mar 20-1y*

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF SHIP CHANDLERY, TAR, PITCH, OAKUM, &c.

PETERSON'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, where "Graham's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," The "Ladies' National Magazine," and all the "Magazines" and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be ordered or obtained. Orders addressed, post paid, to T. B. PETERSON, *No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia*, will meet with prompt attention.

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE HOME JOURNAL.

LOVE AND FAME.

BY HELEN W. IRVING.

It had passed in all its grandeur, that unending summer shower,
Had paid its pearly tribute to each fair expectant flower,
And, while a thousand sparklers danced lightly on the spray,
Came folded to a rose-bud's heart, one tiny rain-drop lay.

Throughout each fevered petal had the heaven brought freshness gone,
They had mingled, dew and fragrance, till their very souls were one;
The bud, its love in perfume breathed, till its pure and starry guest
Grew glowing on the life hue of the lips it fondly pressed.

He dreamed away the hours with her, his gentle bride and fair,
No thought filled his young spirit, but to dwell for ever there,
While ever bending wakefully, the bud a fond watch kept,
For fear the envious zephyrs might steal him as he slept.

But forth from out his tent of clouds in burnished armor bright,
The conq'ring sun came proudly, in the glory of his might,
And, like some grand enchanter, resumed his wand of power,
And shed the splendor of his smile on lake and tree and flower.

Then, peering through the shadowy leaves, the rain-drop marked on high,
A many-hued triumphal arch upon all the eastern sky—
He saw his glittering comrades all wing their joyous flight,
And sound, a glorious brotherhood, to form that bow of light!

Aspiring thoughts his spirit thrilled—"Oh, let me join them, love!
I'll set thy beauty's impress on yon bright arch above,
And, as a world's admiring gaze is raised to kiss its fair,
'Twill deem my own dear rose-bud's tint, the loveliest color there!"

The gentle bud released her clasp—swift as a thought he flew,
And brightly 'mid that glorious band he soon was glowing, too—
All quivering with delight to feel, that she, his rose bud bride,
Was gazing, with a swelling heart, on this, his hour of pride!

But the shadowy night came down, at last—the glittering bow was gone,
One little hour of triumph was all the deed had won;
He had lost the warm and tender glow, his distant bud-love's hue,
And he sought her sadly sorrowing—a tear-diamond star of dew.

Choice Selections.

RATS OF THE CHATALET.

Till the period of the Revolution, Paris possessed an ancient prison, more like a fortress than a jail, called the Grand Chatalet. This old structure was situated on one of the quays facing the Rue St. Denis, and was of imposing height and appearance. In the course of the terrible reign of 1792, the Chatalet ceased to be used as a prison, and was partly demolished. The remainder, as national property, was sold to a private individual, in whose hands it remained till 1813, when the whole was cleared away to enlarge the adjoining square.'

On taking possession of the edifice, the private proprietor just mentioned found that he was by no means to be the sole tenant of the building. The dungeons, vaults and many passages above and below the ground were discovered to be in possession of rats, to an extent beyond all power of calculation. In vain had the accesses to the lower caverns been built up, and other means adopted to free the upper apartments from the intrusion of those visitors; the family, on taking possession, beheld, to their dismay, whole legions of rats pouring in upon them. Regardless of everything, and impelled by hunger, they filled the rooms, overran the beds and other furniture, and scampered about with unconcern along the passages, and up and down the stairs.

M. Dubaine, the new proprietor, did not suffer this invasion without attempting a repulse. His first plan was to buy a great number of cats, and these were let loose on the foe. A short experience proved the futility of the effort. The cats devoured what they killed, and therefore destroyed no more rats than they could eat. Besides, after a few days, the cats became disgusted with the occupation. They had eaten so many rats, that all relish for them was gone. Occasionally they would still attack a few stragglers, but the rats defended themselves so vigorously, that the cats were almost always vanquished.

As the war of attack ceased, the rats assumed their wonted confidence. Discovering, by experience, that the best times for visiting the family were during meals, they made their appearance regularly every day at breakfast and dinner, when, sitting down quietly near the table, they would wait patiently for some crumbs, seemingly expecting them as a right, which they took the trouble to pick up. Unable to repel these disagreeable guests, both masters and servants, tired of the continual warfare, came to the determination of setting apart the rats' share. Thus a quantity of scraps was abandoned to them each day, and strange to say, their depredations became less frequent; but, doubtless wishing to thank their entertainers for this kind proceeding, they appeared in greater numbers than ever at the usual hours; some of the more youthful led the old grey-headed rats with all the assurance of intimate acquaintances introducing their friends.

One of their number, nearly white with age always walked slowly and heavily, taking care to pass as near as it could to a large cat, which was obliged to be content with raising its back and spattering, without daring to attack the offender. This rat was of an extraordinary size; the poor cat was, however, no coward, as was easily perceived from its being minus an ear, and having a dreadfully scarred face; but poor Tom recognized such a dreadful adversary in this old patriarch, that he was willing enough to abuse him, but ventured no farther.

The inhabitants of the Chatelet gave this rat the name of Gaspard, and he soon became familiar with this appellation, always turning to look in the direction from whence he was called. M. Dubaine, having seen Gaspard several times, gave him the name of the "Nestor of the Tribe."

Whenever one attempted to chase these strange visitors, it was always remarked that Gaspard retreated as slowly as ever—though he could have trotted much faster, if he had chosen so to do—and that his companions never lost sight of him, appearing always ready to defend and protect him, if necessary.

It was soon found to be perfectly useless to wage war against the rats, the vast numbers setting all available powers of destruction at defiance; their agility, as well as the danger of their bites, had completely discouraged the servants. Poison and traps obtained no better success than cats, and so great was their instinct, that they learned to detect poison, and turned away from the traps. The cats having learned wisdom by experience, attempted nought but a war of ambuscade, that was neither frequent nor successful enough to be of great service, and in which they often proved themselves less knowing than their adversaries. To an Englishman it will appear somewhat remarkable that a few terrier dogs were not tried as an engine of extirpation. Such a dog as the famed *Billy*, for example would probably have cleared the house in a week; but the French do not appear to possess this useful variety of the canine species, or at all events it was not thought of on the present occasion.

It would be amusing to detail all the plans absurdly attempted to quell the rats. At one time the inhabitants of the Chatalet succeeded in enticing a number of them into a room where several trains of sulphur and powder had been previously laid; this met with some success; but those who escaped having retained the memory of the smell, it was quite impossible to allure them a second time. They, however, had dreadful battles in the vaults amongst themselves, and when a victory was won, or a suppression of arms took place, the survivors regaled themselves on the dead and dying, by which means the nation was no doubt relieved in times of scarcity. Truly, if a method could have been found of breathing discord amongst them, in order to raise civil war, it would have been the most effectuous means of destroying them.

It was long ere the poor servant-maids could get over the terror they felt at the constant apparition of these animals; they were to be seen everywhere, even creeping up on the chairs of the women and children, but running off at the slightest esteem, never attempting to bite, if not attacked, of which there was little danger. They evidently liked warmth, as they would lie down quietly under the blankets, on the beds, and even beside the sleepers; but as they were not famished, the only harm they did was to cause alarm and disgust.

The final demolition of the Grand Chatelet at once dispersed this extraordinary colony of rats. Turned out of their ancient homes, they fled to the surrounding streets, and endeavored to find a lodgment in the houses. The inhabitants, however, were on their guard, and many were killed. There was something almost melancholy in the fate of these poor creatures. Shut out from human habitations, great bands of them wandered about like emigrants seeking a settlement, and were fain to take refuge on the banks of the Seine, and in the common sewers of the city. Little by little they disappeared; and it is believed that many found refuge and food in some large grocery stores at the corner of the Rue St. Denis; with what satisfaction to the owners, we are unable to say.

THE WATER CURE.

A victim at Brattleborough gives the following humorous account of the treatment at the water cure establishment. It is decidedly pleasant to imagine, especially of a mid-winter's day:

A feeble young man leaves his home and the nursing cares of a doting mother or fond wife, and comes here away North among the hills to seek the will o' wisp angel of health—in other words, to get his stomach washed out and his liver put in order. After a night's balmy repose, or rather in the midst of a night's slumber, in which he dreams of fireside and home and the maternal coffee and toast that await his waksening, the door of his chamber opens, and in walks a figure with shaggy hair and bare and brawny arms, who shakes the slumberer and rouses him with the hollow spoken words, 'Your *bath* is ready.' Your *bath* is ready, he means, without the politeness of asking, "*Are you ready for your bath?*" *As inexorable as fate* he stands, while the miserable victim rises and denudes till no covering but his skin shields his shrinking nerves from the chill air through the open window.

The tormentor then strips the bad and spreads first a blanket, and then over it a thick sheet just wet in water forty-six degrees Farenheit. Upon this the shivering, shrinking patient, with his whole surface in a state of gooss flesh-ishness, extends his length, and feels himself instantly enveloped in its heart chilling folds. Then blanket after blanket is laid over and tucked in, till he takes the form and has somewhat the feeling of an Egyptian mummy, just dead and cold, bound hand and foot, and wrapped up for the tomb. He is then left to his own reflections and the reactive powers of nature. He considers that if the building should take fire he would probably, in his helpless condition, be roasted alive, and makes up his mind that he would not mind a roasting much, provided it were in a warm fire. Soon, however, nature rallies her forces, and the blood vessels are in excited action. First, the surface of the body becomes warm, then the circulating